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RESIDENTIAL CASTLES OF GREAT BRITAIN BY POST, 640.



OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In my long experience of the literature of fiction I have never known a time so barren of it as the present. June and July are always slack months, but this year they have beaten the record. The general impression is that the Jubilee has done it; the money that should have gone into the pockets of the novelists-or, as some cynics will have it, the publishers-has been spent on stands and windows, all for "a fleeting show." I am one of that despised class who not only read novels, but, when I can them, new ones. Some of them are really very readable and quite proper. Persons of culture, of course ouly read old novels, and so do I when I can't get the new ones. I took up the other day "The Last Chronicle of What an extraordinary contrast it presents to the With what a fiction published in the present generation! sense of simplicity and naturalness it strikes one! a narrative of everyday life among everyday people! As to plot, Trollope never had a plot; he confessed to Wilkie ollins that he generally used a fragment of one of his-so small that it was never missed and, indeed, never seen. But in that way he was like most of the later novelists, very few of whom are story-tellers; where he differs from them is that he never indulges in self-vivisection. His personality is never intruded on his readers. There is no fine writing; indeed, it is often very slipshod; "but the people, ah, the people!" how delightful is his description of them! There is no need for introduction, because we have been long acquainted with them

The Archdeacon, Johnnie Eames, the Dales, the Proudies, are they not all on our visiting list? One wonders whether any nowaday novelist would dare thus t; bring a whole host of his former creations into a new book without a word of apology or retrospection!
Many of our young folks who take up "The Last
Chroniclo" will not have read the others; Barsetshire will not be a "home courty" to them; they will wonder who the people are that he is talking about. Nor is it strange that they should do so. Independently of the confusion of persons, they will find themselves in a new atmosphere, and a very fresh one: the breath of the clover, the scent of old-fashioned flowers, pervade it; there is nothing artificial and no forbidden fruit. This last will seem the more remarkable inasmuch as in no novels written by man or woman is there so much love-making as in Anthony This was one cause, no doubt, of his popul larity, and may also be the reason of his present neglect, for young people, according to later writers, certainly make love in quite a different fashion. Perhaps the most striking point of unlikeness in the book as compared with the stories of to-day is its extent. Side by side with the which it is now the fashion to publish, and " snippets even with those six-shilling books which have taken the place of three-volume novels, its length seems prodigious. "The Last Chronicle" is a book at which you can cut and come again; delightful as it is, you do not pant for the denouement—which is fortunate, for there is none; there seems no particular reason why it should stop at all, and we wish it never did.

Great fear, I read, has fallen upon the dramatic critics on account of the result of the trial in a music-hall case the other day. The jury seems to have come to the conclusion that to impute "vulgarity" is libellous, and to be thus pulled up for saying a little thing like that naturally alarms these censors. But the point which the critics seem to me to neglect is whether their attacks upon performers apply to their performances or to them-selves. If a man writes that another has written a vulgar novel, it may be a lie, but it may not be libellous; but if he affirms that he is a vulgar writer, I think that (after inquiring into the state of the critic's finances) the novelist might safely submit his case to a jury. The difference becomes obvious if we substitute speaking for writing. If I say to a singer, "I do not approve your taste; that song of yours seems a very and not approve your taste; that song of yours seems a very vulgar one," I may be thought rude, but I am certainly not so insulting as if I said, "You sing that song very vulgarly." There can be no question that "Ta-ra-ra-boom-do-ay" is not a high-class song; one may surely without offence even call it a vulgar one, since it is obviously addressed to vulgar or common people. To contend otherwise would be injurious to the Ten Commandments, which are written in "the vulgar tongue." There is nothing depreciatory in the epithet when used in that sense; at all events, whether the song is vulgar or not is evidently a mere question of taste; and if you are justified in saying a thing, you are, in morals at least, justified in writing it. It is a pity that the parallel between speech and writing is not more constantly kept in mind. Many people seem to see nothing disgraceful in not answering letters which obviously require a reply. In business this silence may generally be accounted for, though not in a complimentary way to the non-correspondent; to answer would probably be to admit responsibility or even wrong-doing; but in ordinary affairs it arises from mere selfish neglect. Yet if the question conveyed in the letter had been put by word of mouth, the person to whom it was addressed would without doubt have answered it: he would perceive that it would be the

extremity of rudeness not to do so. Yet what is the difference, except that not to speak might bring about something unpleasant, while not to write is a discourtesy that he can indulge in with impunity?

At many seacoast places an undreamt-of danger experienced oarsmen arises from the strong currents which carry a boat away before its inmates are aware of it too far to admit of their return to land. The idea may appear ridiculous, but to those who have experienced the thing the transformation of a marine amateur into a voyager is not so funny. Another surprise that Ocean has in reserve for her devotees (of whom I have never pretended to be one, or, at least, have been content to worship her from the , where we are, so to speak, on equal terms) is a sea-Compared with this for suddenness and extent, a London fog is, like the people in it, nowhere. I remember one summer, when looking at the Channel Fleet at Scarborough, having my attention drawn away from it a moment or two by one of its hateful bands, and, hey presto! when I looked round again there were no ships; they had all disappeared like the Royal George; the sea, too, had vanished, and nothing was left in its place but a wall of mist. At a Welsh watering-place the other day this joke was played by the marine clerk of the weather, the opportunity of a regatta, perhaps, being too great a temptation to be resisted. The effect of it was that five-and-twenty boats full of visitors drifted out into the Channel. (No really wise person ever goes to sea except in a captive boat, just as one never mounts into the air unless in a captive balloon; but what can one expect of excursionists?) Eighteen of them, it appears, were rescued, though some of them not till midnight. (Imagine the language of a cheap tripper unrestrained by the eye of day!) The balance up to date are still at sea, and no doubt very much so. A nastier trick of fortune can hardly be conceived, because so contrary to expectation and even imagination. I knew a man lost on Scafell in a mountain mist, whose serious position, he told me, was greatly aggravated by the reflection that only twenty-four hours before he was so comfortable in the smoking-room of his club in London. It was a transformation scene of the reverse kind; a horrible example of what a day may bring forth; but in the case of the regatta it happened in five minutes.

Another incident quite unexpected (indeed, as was said by Goliath when struck by the stone of David, "such a thing had never entered into his head before,") happened to a doctor the other day at a cricket-match. He was most severely "batted" by a player. This is probably quite unprecedented, though it is common enough—indeed, far too common—to be bowled by one. It is fair to say that the two elevens were, with one or two exceptions, the inmates of a lunatic asylum. It is a question for the casuist how far the referee in a cricket-match under such circumstances would be justified in evasion if a player (with a bat in his hand) should inquire, "How is that, unprice?"

The present of a ship of the first class from Cape Colony has naturally aroused great enthusiasm. To some who saw our Fleet at Spithead it might seem like sending coals to Newcastle, but this is far from being the case: we could not only do with more ships, but with the crews to man them. They could not be more welcome than at present, though they have often been more wanted. We have never, considering our needs, been so ill supplied with them as in Charles the Second's time, except, perhaps, in those of Elizabeth. Pepys triumphantly compares the state of the Navy in his time with that of Queen Bess: "In 1588," he says, "she had but thirty-six sail, small and great, in the world; and ten rounds of powder was their allowance at that time against the Spaniard." This seems very inadequate, especially the powder, but Pepys had little to boast about. The Admiralty was as short of ships as of men; ten first-rates, he tells us, were at one time absolutely necessary, but it was found impossible to build them because there was no money. Some of our ships had, I fear, entered the Dutch navy. The British sailor was at that period by no means unaccustomed to defeat. The splendid successes of Nelson and his contemporaries have obliterated the recollection of old reverses; the magnificent bravery of officers and men in the Navy at the beginning of the century has blinded us to the fact that things were not always so. There are continual complaints in the "Diary" not only of defeats, but of the cowardice that caused them. It speaks of our being "beaten to dirt at Guinny by de Ruyter"; our men "guilty of the most at Guinny by de Ruyter"; our men "guilty of the most horrid cowardice that ever Englishmen were," and bringing "reproach and shame on the whole nation." Moreover, "there is no discipline - nothing but swearing and cursing"; and, what is rather humorous, the Commissioner who was sent down to investigate matters received a challenge from two of the captains for interference. One plan for stopping the progress of the Dutch seems at once both humiliating and expensive: "It is a sad sight to see so many good ships sunk in the River, by us who thought ourselves masters of the sea"; and this was done with a haste, and recklessness almost inconceivable. They have gone and sunk without consideration the Francin, one of the King's ships, with stores to a considerable value; the new ship at Bristol, and much wanted there; and a foreign ship that had the faith of the

nation for her security." How impossible must have been dreams of "Nelson and the Nile" in those days, or of the late spectacle at Spithead!

We are always having the customs of foreign countries brought to our notice for our improvement and edification. Nothing, we are told, can exceed the ingenuity of the theatrical system in Japan. The pass-out tickets are rendered non-transferable by the simplest means. When a spectator wishes to go out and afterwards return, he goes to the doorkeeper and holds up his right hand, when the official impresses on it, with a rubber stamp, the name of the establishment. We are not informed whether it can be removed by washing, but, if not, one can imagine cases where its permanence would be a disadvantage. The plays take place in the daytime, and it would be difficult to persuade one's wife that one had been hard at work at the office all day with "Empire Theatre" (for example) on one's palm.

Some people are in the habit of using the word "farcical" as a term of contempt. Farce, of course, is not a high form of humour, but to despise it on that account is folly; one might as well despise fancy because it is not imagina-tion. If laughing is good for us, as has lately been discovered by the faculty (though it must be confessed that it also recommends yawning and crying), a popular farce must be a national benefit, for the truth is, the majority of mus are more tickled by it than by comedy. "Charley's Aunt," for example, has evoked far more irrepressible merriment than "The School for Scandal"; and that the former is incomparably inferior to the latter in literary merit does not render it unmeritorious. One of the most amusing books in the world, "Vice-Versa," is eminently farcical, and I only know one man (who has a medal in farcical, and I only know one man (who has a medal in consequence) who sees no fun in it. "The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore" is stated by the author to have been "partly suggested by Nathaniel Hawthorne's Dr. Heidigger," but it owes far more to Mr. Bultitude. Miss S. is, indeed, to be no more compared with that "translated" merchant than "the Female Quixote" with the Don, but she has her merits. I would recommend her to everybody if the weather was not (just now, at all events) so intensely hot; but nobody can help laughing at her, and to laugh with the thermometer at eighty is to "pug." The whole story, indeed, independently of that rejuvenated old maid, is full of fun. The boarding-house in Beaconsfield Gardens, with its terrible tenants, is capital. The author seems to have made a study of this class of his fellow-creatures. every boarding-house throughout the British Islands," he tells us, "there is to be found a person who is an inti-mate friend of the Prince of Wales." This reminds one of the lady who-

Had two feathers in her cap— Beside her son at college, The Prince of Wales's cognizance, But quite without his knowledge.

In this case it was Mrs. Dumaresq. She tells us what is done, and not done, in diplomatic circles. Her "subdued acidity" is well contrasted with the "battle-breathing" accents of Mr. Lorimer, who wants to know, when a young lady of forty-three is rebuked for going alone into the city, what is likely to happen to her? The lady doctor city, what is likely to happen to her? who has an American interest in high life, and who will stop short in a thrilling narrative of amputation to listen to an anecdote about "the dear Empress Eugénie," is also a most desirable acquaintance. The main interest of the little book consists, however, in the attempt of Miss Semaphore at fifty-three to rejuvenate herself by means of a magic water, of which she very selfishly (for she has promised half to her sister) partakes too freely, and becomes n consequence a baby of eight days old. The transformation scene (albeit she is very highly coloured) is not, of course, so gorgeous as what we see in pantomimes, but infinitely more attractive. The shame and horror of Miss Prudence at having her baby sister on her hands and not knowing what to do with her, in the censorious society of Beaconsfield Gardens, will appeal to every heart. Notwithstanding the extreme absurdity of the thing, one cannot but feel for her, just as we felt for Mr. Bultitude. Her frantic efforts to procure an antidote from the German scientist who dispenses the "Water of Youth" at £1000 a bottle, meet with no success-

a bottle, meet with no success—

"I explained to your sister," she replies, "that a tablespoonful took about ten years off one's age. Thus a woman
of fort, taking two tablespoonfuls, would, in effect, be twenty.
After that a teaspoonful every two years would keep her at
twenty as long as the Water lasted. She seemed quite to
understand my directions. As such a case as you describe has
never entered into my experience, I fear, dear Madam, I can
only recommend you to be patient under these distressing
circumstances. I can give you no idea of how long the effects
will last. Usually the greater the quantity required in the
first instance, the sooner the dose must be repeated, as the
required youth wears off with a rapidity in proportion to one's
actual age. Whether this, however, will be the case with your
sister I cannot say. No one who has hitherto tried the
Water has returned to infancy, so your sister's is a very
exceptional and awkward position, especially, as you tell me,
you are living at a boarding-house."

Miss Prudence's experience with the baby-farmer who in-

Miss Prudence's experience with the baby-farmer who in this extremity takes little Augusta off her hands, and her enforced appearance before a magistrate in consequence, are narrated in the drollest manner. The story may not rejuvenate one, like Miss Semaphore, but the most elderly reader will feel young again while laughing over it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

RESIDENTIAL CASTLES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

It was a happy idea to bring the visit of our Colonial cousins to a close by taking them to see some of "the stately homes of England," and thereby to put them

stately than beautiful; but the modernisation has been carried out with discretion. Drummond Castle is perhaps the most beautifully situated of all Scotch residences; and Taymouth Castle, in addition to its fine site, retains much of the picturesque beauty of the original building. But for unspoilt mediæval grandeur and simplicity combined there is no inhabited château in Scotland or Wales which surpasses Cawdor Castle. Probably nothing remains of the castle celebrated in Shakspere's tragedy;



DR. ANDREE'S BALLOON VOYAGE TO THE NORTH POLE: TESTING THE AIR-TIGHT QUALITIES OF THE BALLOON "EAGLE" BEFORE THE ASCENT.

into touch with the common ancestors of all Englishspeaking people beyond or within the seas. A very few of the old castles now survive in their original or in even their secondary state. The work of restoration has been going on in some cases for centuries, and in others has wholly effaced the intentions of the old architects. Nevertheless, traditions still cling to many of these splendid

Longford Castle can boast of having been built originally out of prize-money taken from the Armada, and of being besieged by Cromwell. Alnwick Castle, the seat of the Percys, retains its barbican surmounted by stone figures, which belongs to the fourteenth century; but the modernisation of the building was commenced in the middle of the last century, and has been carried down with slight intermission to recent years. Belvoir Castle, one of the great attractions of "the Dukeries," is still more modern, for the original castle was totally destroyed by fire in 1816. Lumley Castle, which picturesquely over-hungs the banks of the Wear, dates from the earliest years of Edward I.; but beyond the minstrel-gallery in the of Edward I.; but beyond the inhister gamety II the great hall little remains of its former grandeur. Pendennis Castle, on the other hand, is still preserved as a fort, and its round tower, erected in the time of Henry VIII., is also memorable for having afforded shelter to more than one member of the Stuart family when seeking safety in flight. Greystoke Castle, near Penrith, scarcely equals the Border castle of the Howards at Naworth—nor is it so picturesquely situated as Corby; but it has not suffered such indig-nities as successive Prince Bishops of Durham have inflicted upon their residence at Bishop Auckland.

Crossing the Border, we are in a land of castles, which from the outset—or, at least, from the days of French influence—seemed to have been designed as residences as from the outset—or, at least, from the days of French influence—seemed to have been designed as residences as well as places of safety. The Queen's summer and autumn resort at Balmoral is too familiar to tourists to need description. It has no pretensions to antiquity, and was built with a view to comfort rather than to appearance. Close by is the more picturesque Abergeldie Castle, nominally the residence of the Prince of Wales, but from want of space it is seldom used by him. Far away in the north, Thurso Castle marks the stronghold of the Sinclains, who claim to have settled Caithness—shire from Norway, and for generations refused to recognise the customs of their adopted land. Haroid's Tower still remains, apparently uninjured by time and weather, although seven centuries have passed since Earl Haroid was slain on its outworks. Coming south, Dunrobin Castle, although Sir Charles Barry was allowed a free hand in its restoration, still retains some traces of its ancient quaintness and elegance. Dunvegan Castle, the ancestral home of the Macleods, the lords of Skye, has also been rebuilt, doubtless much to the regret of its present possessor, for the expenditure incurred was altogether out of proportion to the value of the property. Sir Charles Ross has been more lucky in succeeding to such an excellent specimen of a turreted mansion of the sixteenth century as Balnagowan Castle. Here is to be seen the French influence at its best, for the points of resemblance in Scotch "castles" and Touraine châteaux form one of the most interesting proofs of the sympathy between the two kingdoms and the resistance of Scotland to the Tudor or even the Jacobean style. Inverary Castle, on the west coast, is more

but much of the actual building dates back to the fifteenth century, and its antiquity is endorsed by the famous hawthorn-tree which was said to have marked the site as indicated by the seer, and which still after four centuries and a half preserves its freshness and vigour, although wholly shut off from the outer world. Taymouth Castle, which is regarded as the head-centre of the Campbells of Breadalbane, owes much to its unique situation and its lofty quadrangular tower flanked by four circular turrets. It is, however, of quite modern construction.

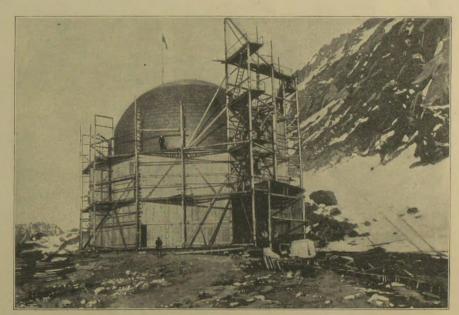
The Welsh castles, like the Scottish and those of the Border country, still retain some of the features which were imposed upon the original buildings by the necessities of their situation. But Cardiff Castle is now surrounded by a busy population bent upon commerce and industry, and although Stradey Castle, looking across the broad bay of Carmarthen, and Gwydyr Castle, nestling beside the rugged range of Snowdon, recall the days when the knights of

TO THE NORTH POLE BY BALLOON.

Not quite a year ago the world was ringing with the wonderful return of Dr. Nansen from his three years of wandering in the North Polar region, and now its attention is once more fixed upon the hardy enterprise of another explorer, Dr. S. A. Andrée, the Swedish aëronaut, who has expiorer, Dr. S. A. Andree, the Swedish aeronaut, who has at last embarked upon his daringly projected balloon voyage across the North Pole, and may even by this time have accomplished his perilous journey. It was, indeed, believed for a space last week that news of Andrée's expedition was already forthcoming, but the carrier pigeons whose capture led to the circulation of this report-proved to belong to the Altona Carrier Pigeon Club, by whom they had been sent off from Heligoland. Although news of Dr. Andrée and his intrepid companions may be some time yet in reaching their fellow-men, according to the greater or lesser distance from fellow-men, according to the greater or lesser distance from civilisation at which they may alight on land again, there is, in the opinion of many experts, every reason to hope that the voyage will be successfully accomplished. There is, indeed, great peril in the undertaking, but so there must be in all Arctic exploration. The risks run by Andrée and his companions have the additional danger of correlts, but the expressions and the facility has been all the facility that the expressions and the facility has been all the facility that the expressions and the facility has been all the facility that the expressions and the facility has been all the facility that the expressions and the facility that the expressions are the facility that the expression are the expression are the facility that the expression are the expression a Andree and his companions have the admissing unique of novelty, but the experience and the foresight brought to bear upon the venture have, it is to be hoped, rendered the voyagers' balloon equipment nearly perfect for the work in hand. For many years past Dr. Andrée has been well known as a scientific aëronaut of parhas been well known as a scientific aeronaut of par-ticular experience in long voyages. He has made many ascents for experimental purposes, building up his know-ledge of ballooning possibilities gradually but surely. Two years ago he first startled the world by the formulation at the Geographical Congress of his scheme for crossing the North Polar region in a balloon, and when he had supported his published scheme by arguments clearly thought out and tested by experiment, he soon obtained the financial help necessary to so great an undertaking. The late Mr. Alfred Nobel gave him £3500, and King Oscar of Sweden contributed £1700, and has since lent the valuable support of his

Nobel gave him \$25000, and king Oscar of Sweden contributed £1700, and has since lent the valuable support of his constant interest in the venture.

The balloon, which cost £2000, is about seventy-five English feet in height from the opening of the balloon proper to the top, and, roughly, a hundred feet high from the top to the bottom of the basket. It is made of three thicknesses of silk held together with varnish and overlaid with two coats of varnish. Although this balloon may be regarded as being in almost every respect a novelty, the most striking characteristic is the guiding and steering apparatus. This apparatus, to describe it in brief, consists mainly of guiding ropes of different lengths, the shortest being about 1000 ft. and the longest about 1200 ft. in length. These ropes hang from the bearinging just above the car and drag along the earth or ice. The idea of having different lengths of rope is that in case one of them got foul of some object, the others should run free. These guiding-ropes drag after the balloon, and are shifted by the voyager as he wills, so that their weight and hold on the balloon shall affect its course in one direction or another. It was Dr. Andrée's intention to keep about 500 ft. above the earth—that is, of course, on



DR. ANDRÉE'S BALLOON VOYAGE TO THE NORTH POLE: THE "EAGLE" READY FOR HER ASCENT.

Wales had to hold their own against foes on land Wales had to hold their own against fees on land and sea, they are now rather picturesque shooting-lodges on a magnified scale. Not the least charm of the residential castles of Great Britain is their infinite variety, due, doubtless, in some measure, to a desire on the part of the architects to preserve some feature of the original buildings which had to be adapted to modern use. But it would be more charitable to assume that for the last hundred years there have not been wanting in this country architects competent to deal with the varying requirements of each picturesque site.

the average; for it is obvious that when the weather is bright and warm the balloon would ascend a little, while when it is dull and colder it would come nearer the earth. Still, the guiding-ropes are intended to prevent its ascerding above a certain altitude.

The car is, however, the most interesting part of the whole aërial vessel. It is only about 5 ft, deep and a little over 6 ft. in diameter. It is covered with a lid of basketwork, and in the lid there is a trap-door to allow the explorers to pass through. One man sleeps at a time, while the others are at work and at watch. The latter stand

DR. ANDRÉE'S BALLOON VOYAGE TO THE NORTH POLE.



TRANSPORT OF THE CASE CONTAINING THE BALLOON TO DANE'S ISLAND, SPITZBERGEN.

upon the lid, partly screened from the bitter wind by canvas. At about the height of their waist there is a large ring of about the same diameter as the car, and on this are firmly fixed the scientific instruments of the expedition. In fact, while they stand on the lid of the car, watching their progress through the air, they are at the same time standing in the middle of their observatory recording whatever there may be to note.

The crew of the "Eagle"—for so this historic balloon is named—numbers but three in all—Dr. Andrée himself, Dr. Strindberg, a young man of twenty-five who has

already won some success in science, and Herr Fraenckell, an engineer. Andrée himself is said by all who know him to be of the stuff of which great explorers are made—skilful, steadfast, and dauntlessly courageous—and the past history of Arctic exploration has shown again and again what men of this calibre can accomplish.

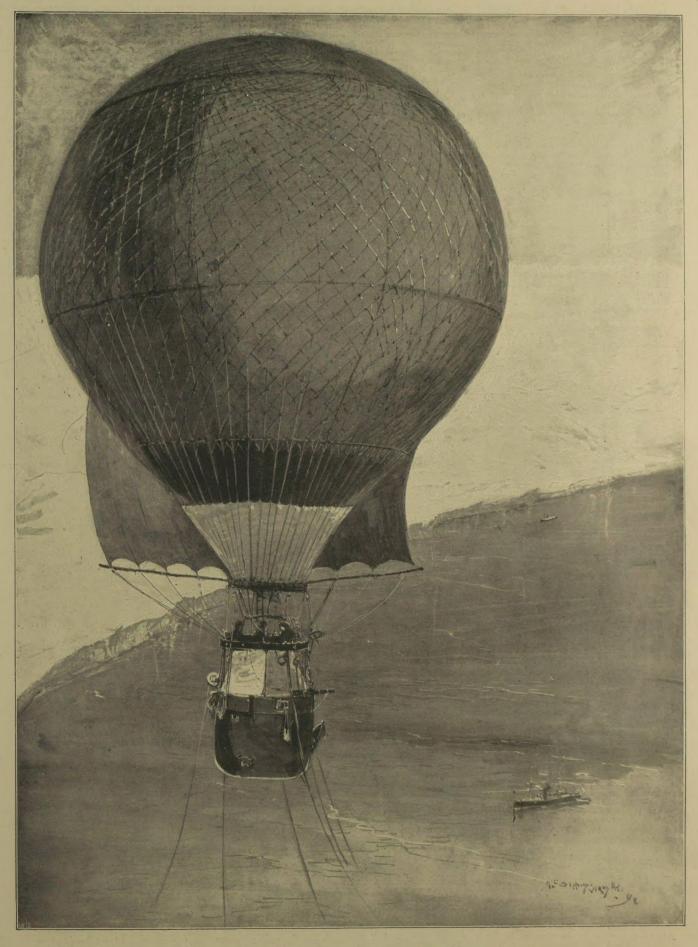
The expedition, it will be remembered, was to have started last summer, but adverse conditions led to its temporary abandonment at the last hour. This year, however, the final preparations were early afoot. At the beginning of June, Dr. Andrée and his two companions

journeyed to Dane's Island, on the north-west coast of Spitzbergen, and the filling of the balloon was completed by June 21. Even then, however, a fresh precaution was taken in the adding of several coats of varnish to the inflated balloon. Southerly and south-westerly winds caused some further delay, but on the morning of July 11 the meteorological conditions were considered as favourable as they were ever likely to be, and the ascent was made, and the 'Eagle' and her trio of intrepid voyagers set forth, at the rate of some twenty-two miles an hour, on her journey into the unknown.



INSPECTING THE BALLOON, JULY 2, 1897.

DR. ANDRÉE'S BALLOON VOYAGE TO THE NORTH POLE.



DEPARTURE OF THE "EAGLE" FROM SPITZBERGEN,

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, has enjoyed some repose after the London celebration of her long reign. But on Saturday, at the town of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, the Queen received a loyal address from the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses, congratulating her upon the recent occasion. The ceremony took place between six and seven o'clock in the evening, in front of the Town Hall and of the Jubilce Memorial Clock Tower creeted in 1887. The Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, who holds the office of Governor of the Isle of Wight, and with the two children of Princess Henry, came from Osborne in an open carriage drawn by six horses. The Mayor, Mr. F. Templeman Mew, in his robes and with his badge of office, supported by the officers and members of the Corporation, presented the address, to which her Majesty gave a written reply, and the Aldermen and Town Clerk were presented to her. The National Anthem was sung as the royal visitors drove away. There was a guard of honour formed by the Isle of Wight Volunteer Battalion (Princess Beatrice's) of the Hampshire Regiment and by other troops. On Tuesday evening, her Majesty visited West Cowes, and received a similar address from the Urban District Council. The town of Ryde, on Thursday, had the honour of a visit from the Queen, when the order of proceedings was much the same.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Prince, on Thursday, July 22, at St. James's Hall, distributed prizes

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Prince, on Thursday, July 22, at St. James's Hall, distributed prizes to the students of the Royal Academy of Music, of which his Royal Highness is President. A report of the situation and progress of that institution was read by the Principal, Sir Alexander Mackenzie. Lord Herschell, a Vice-President, and Mr. Threlfall, chairman of the Committee of Management, bore part in the proceedings.

of Management, bore part in the proceedings.

The Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke of Connaught on Saturday visited the camp of the National Rifle Association at Bisley, and the Duchess of York presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the shooting. Sir Henry Fletcher, on behalf of the Council of the Association, thanked her Royal Highness and the Princes for their presence at this meeting.

An additional wing, to be

this meeting.

An additional wing, to be built at the cost of the Corporation of London, to enlarge the Guildhall School of Music, on the Victoria Thannes Embankment, has been commenced by laying the foundation on July 21, Mr. Pearse Morrison, chairnan of the School of Music Committee, performing the ceremony. It was stated that the Corporation has spent, in the past twenty, years, about £100,000 upon this institution, which has now 3600 pupils.

The new Grosvenor Hos-

The new Grosvenor Hospital for Women, in Vincent Square, Westminster, was opened by Princess Louise, Muchioness of Lorne, on July 21.

July 21.

Arrangements are being made for the approaching visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Ireland, which causes much gratification there. On Aug. 18their Royal Highnesses will arrive in Dublin as guests of the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, and Lady Cadogan. They stay ten days in the capital, and go on to Killarney, after which they visit the Duke of Abercorn and the Marquis of Londonderry in Ulster.

Goodwood Races have this week been the chief social attraction, enhanced by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales on Tuesday, and the Duke and Duchess of York, with Prince Christian, as guests of the Duke of

Richmond.

The peace negotiations at Constantinople having obtained on July 21 the Sultan's acceptance of the terms proposed by the Foreign Powers, Thessaly is being relieved of Turkish troops, but the frontier is to be slightly altered, for military defence, in favour of Turkey, so as to comprise several Wallach or Bulgarian villages lately belonging to the Greek kingdom. The settlement of Crete seems to present greater difficulties, the insurgents refusing to lay down their arms until the Turkish garrisons depart. The Sultan has sent Djevad Pasha to command the Turkish soldiery yet remaining in Crete.

The German Emperor has gone to inspect the fleet and naval arsenals on the Baltic. His Majesty and the Empress will next week visit the Emperor and Empress of Russia at Poterhof, and will have a grand reception at St. Peters-

The United States Senate, on July 24, passed the new Tariff Bill, and it was immediately signed by President McKinley, at once becoming law. Congress will now be occupied with measures of currency and banking reform.

The protest of Japan against the proposed aunexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States of America seems to be seriously meant, for the Marquis the comes to Europe with determined communications upon this question, and Mr. Sherman, the American Secretary of State, is said to be preparing an equally resolute answer.

Excitement concerning the Klondike gold mines in the Yukon River territory of North-West America, within the Canadian Dominion bordering on Alaska, grows daily more intensely eager on the Pacific coasts of British

Columbia and California, where hundreds of gold-seekers are going and returning with marvellous tales of the riches of Klondike, but with strong accounts, which should be seriously considered, of the difficulty of getting there, and the lack of provisions in the latter part of the year.

The British Indian garrison in Chitral has to deal with trouble of a fresh local outbreak of tribal hostility at the Malakand camp, which was attacked on the night of July 26; there was sharp fighting. Lieutenant Leonard Manley was killed; Major Herbert, R.E., Major Taylor, of the 45th Sikh Regiment, and Lieutenant F. Watling, R.E., were badly wounded; but the enemy were repulsed and dispersed by the Punjab Guides Cavalry.

Military operations against the Kachi tribes of the Afghan frontier, who lately attacked a British frontier survey party, are now being conducted by General Egerton, at Sheranni, with a strong brigade, and we may soon hear of their being duly chastised.

On the Upper Nile the Egyptian army, under the command of British officers, at Dongola and higher up the river to Abu Hamid, is preparing for an advance towards the end of August to Omdurman, near Khartoum, the present headquarters of the Khalifa's Dervish army. It is thought likely that the enemy will retreat.

thought likely that the enemy will retreat.

The South-Eastern Railway Company announces cheap day excursions on Sunday, Aug. 1, and Bank Holiday, Aug. 2, from Charing Cross, Waterloo, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross, to Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone, Dover, and other stations. A cheap excursion will be run to Boulogne on Saturday, July 31, Charing Cross, depart 2.45 p.m., calling at Cannon Street and London Bridge; returning from Boulogne at 4.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap tickets to Boulogne will also be issued on July 30, 31, and Aug. 1, at Charing Cross and Cannon Street, available until 12.30 a.m. service from Boulogne on Aug. 5. On Bank Holiday a cheap day excursion will



SIGNOR GUGLIELMO MARCONI.

be run to Boulogne, leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m.; returning from Boulogne at 7.50 p.m. same day, or 12.30 a.m. following morning. Cheap tickets to Paris will also be issued, leaving Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 9 a.m. (10 a.m. from Charing Cross only), Saturday, July 31, Charing Cross and Cannon Street, depart 2.45 p.m. and 9 p.m., July 29 to Aug. 2. Tickets available for fourteen days. On Bank Hohday a cheap excursion will be run to Calais, leaving Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 9 a.m.; returning same day at 1.10 p.m. and 3.45 p.m., or 1.30 a.m. following morning. Cheap tickets to Calais, Brussels, and Ostend, will be issued on July 30, 31, and Aug. 1.

SIGNOR MARCONI'S ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The recently discovered scientific marvel of the electric The recently discovered scientific marvel of the electric telegraph without a wire conductor has earned speedy renown for a young Italian student, Guglielmo Marconi, of Bologna, whose mother is an English lady. He is but twenty-two years of age, and is a pupil of Professor Iligin, of the University of Bologna, in whose laboratory he became familiar with the properties of the electric undulations perceived by Herz, their facility of transference to great distances, and their capability of being refracted or reflected, by suitable apparatus, in a mode analogous to that in which rays of light may be treated. The family to which Guglielmo Marconi belongs is one of good position and some wealth in his native city; and he was from the first readily furnished with the means and opportunities for conducting a series of experiments, afterwards renewed and continued in England under the superintendence of our Director-General of Telegraphs, Mr. W. H. Preece, with results likely to be of much importance. The latter experiments took place on Salisbury Plain. They have since been followed by exhibitions in Italy, at Rome, and at Spezzia, the chief naval port of that kingdom, which are regarded with much public attention. A formidable promise, or threat, of increasing the means of naval warfare is supplied by the notion that a gunpowder magazine on board ship might be fired by electric agency from a long distance. But we shall see what we shall see. telegraph without a wire conductor has earned speedy

PARLIAMENT.

The great debate on the South Africa Committee's Report has apparently ended the case against Mr. Rhodes. Mr. Chamberlain stated that the Government would not prosecute Mr. Rhodes, would not remove his name from the Privy Council, and would not withdraw the charter of Mr. Rhodes's Company. Rhodesia is henceforth to be administered on some plan which will increase the Imperial control without dispossessing the Chartered Company's officials. As for the debate, it was imitiated by Mr. Philip Stanhope, who proposed that the House should express its regret at the "inconclusive" character of the Committee's Report, and especially at the failure to summon Mr. Hawksley to the bar of the House for his refusal to produce the famous telegrams. Mr. Birrell moved an amendment to the effect that Mr. Hawksley should be summoned forthwith. Both motions were rejected by very large majorities, not eighty votes being mustered in favour of either. Mr. Chamberlain, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman defended the action of the Committee, which was attacked by Mr. Courtney and Mr. Labouchere. Sir William Harcourt argued that the Committee did not need the telegrams, as they had the evidence of Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Harris, and Miss Flora Shaw that these in no way incriminated the Colonial Secretary. Mr. Courtney replied that such evidence was not enough, and that the non-production of the telegrams remained a mystery which created injurious suspicion. Mr. Chamberlain declared that the telegrams were of no consequence to him, as he never had the smallest cognisance of the Jameson Raid. Curiously enough, nobody who signed the Report explained the passage which distinctly charged Mr. Rhodes with having suppressed the telegrams because he knew that they would not sustain any charge against the credit of the Colonial Office. In the House of Lords the Workmen's Compensation was hotly opposed by sixty Unionists in the Commons, and declared indispensable by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain,

MUSIC.

MUSIC.

The opera season is at last dead. The performance of "Lohengrin," in German, cn Wednesdy night, brought it to a close, and leaves us able to judge fully of the past. On the whole we have to congratulate ourselves upon a highly successful two months of operatic music. The young syndicate began at a certain disadvantage; it was untried, without experience, and upheld chiefly by ambition. Then there was the misfortune at the beginning of Jean de Reszke's illness, which for so long postponed the novelties upon which the success of the season largely depended. Yet, in spite of it all, things have been pulled through even brilliandly, and in some respects the syndicate has created a record. First, M. Jean de Reszke has more than held his own as an established favourite of the London public in opera. His Tristan we knew from last year; it was a superb-piece of work; yet this year he even showed an improvement upon that big achievement. His Siegfried was his novelty, and by his astonishing excellence in the part he more than retained the high opinion of those who have always reckoned him as perhaps the greatest and most intelligent of living operatic artists. His Lohengrin again, with which we are all familiar, gains by his familiarity with the part; it becomes more beautiful with time and, so far as opera goes, is only equalled by his exquisite Romeo.

Among new tenors, the only one who has made a great and serious impression is Herr Dippel, a young man of singularly beautiful voice, sweet in the high register and powerful in the lower register. M. Renaud, the well-known baritone of the Paris Opéra, has also made a golden impression not only by his exquisite stage manner and fine appearance, but also by his great and significant singing. His Don Giovanni, even to an audience that had not forgotten Maurel, was a gloriously intelligent and courtly piece of work, in which he was supported by a new and most cheerfully artistic Leporello, M. Fugére M. Noté, also a Paris baritone, has been singing, and in this respe

PERSONAL.

To the all too lengthy list of losses which the ranks of medicine have sustained of late must now be added the name of Sir John Charles



John Charles Bucknill, who has passed away, after a long illness, at the age of seventy-nine. Sir John, who was knighted three years ago, was born at Market Bosworth. Bosworth, and was edu-cated first at the local school, and subsequently at Rugby. From Rugby he went to

The LATE SIR JOHN BUCKNILL.

The LATE SIR JOHN BUCKNILL.

London, where he eventually became a Fellow, and a member of the College Council. Fifty-seven years ago he took his degree at the University of London, emerging first in surgery and third in medicine. Thenceforth he filled a number of important posts, becoming successively Censor, Councillor, and Lumleian Lecturer at the College of Physicians, Medical Superintendent of the Devon Lunatic Asylum, and Lord Chancellor's Medical Visitor of Lunatics. His special study of insanity took the outward and visible form of sundry important contributions to the literature of the subject, including two interesting treatises of a less professional character on "The Mad Folk of Shakspere" and "The Medical Knowledge of Shakspere." He was also the criginator and for some years the editor of the Journal of Mental Science. Sir John shared the opinion of the late Sir Benjamin Richardson as to the importance of physical exercise, and was himself one of the chief promoters of the Volunteer Movement in the early fifties.

The Queen has given another proof of her sympost.

Movement in the early fifties.

The Queen has given another proof of her sympathetic interest in Prince Charlie by purchasing his walking-stick at the Culloden House sale. It was here that the last hope of the Jacobites spent three days before the battle which extinguished his cause. He drove out the proprietor, Mr. Forbes, a Hanoverian, and took possession of a fourpost bed, which was also sold the other day. His stick is adorned with significant carvings of two heads, representing Wisdom and Polly. It would be interesting to have her Majesty's reflections on this emblem, and on the career of the man who, though he strove to overthrow her dynasty, has evidently a strong hold upon her imagination. When the Queen is in Scotland she dwells within easy reach of the historic spot where "the standard on the brase of Mar" was raised for Jacobitism; and the association of the neighbourhood with the unfortunate Prince, who was certainly the most attractive of all the Stuarts, can never be absent from the mind of the Sovereign whose own career presents so strong a contrast to the chequered history typified by his walking-stick.

Edward Charles Baring, Lord Revelstoke, who died at

presents so strong a contrast to the chequered history typified by his walking-stick.

Edward Charles Baring, Lord Revelstoke, who died at Charles Street, Berkeley Square, on Saturday July 17, was the first Peer of the line. He was born in 1828, and he was the head of the great firm of Baring Brothers and Co., whose financial complications in 1890 were near to producing a panic in the City. The Bank of England, of which he was formerly a Director, stepped in, with others, to enable the firm to tide over its most dangerous crisis. The late Peer married a Devonshire lady, Miss Louisa Emily Charlotte Bulteel, a granddaughter of the second Earl Grey, and he is succeeded by his son, the Hon. John Baring, born in 1863. The late Lord Revelstoke was brother to another winner of a peerage—Lord Cromer; while a third brother is Mr. Walter Baring, her Majesty's Minister-Resident in Uruguay. Of the three daughters of the deceased Peer, one is married to Lord Castlerosse, eldest son of the Earl of Kemmare, and another to the Right Hon. C. Robert Spencer, Earl Spencer's half-brother and heir-presumptive.

The well-known concert-singer,

Spencer, Earl Spencer's half-brother and hoir-presumptive.

The well-known concert-singer, Madame Amy Sherwin, is just about to start upon a long and important tour to Australia. She is accompanied by Mr. Barton McGuckin as tenor, Mr. Deane as baritone, and others. At present her journey is fixed for Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney, New Zealand, and Tasmania, and it is quite possible that the tour may last for more than a year. There are few more popular singers in Australia than Madame Sherwin, who herself is a daughter of the colony. When she returned to her native country a few years ago her reception was of the most enthusiastic nature. It is possible that while out upon her musical travels she may sing in opera, but upon this head her plans are not yet fixed. She is, however, so charming an artist that, whatever the nature of her musical schemes, she is assured of a genuine success.

The eccentric Lord Grimthorpe has

The eccentric Lord Grimthorpe has issued a kind of encyclical letter denouncing the Government for their "treason" to Conservative principles. In the course of this document he remarks that he never believed in Mr. Gladstone, and that the "greatest man of the century" failed in the capacity of Prime Minister. Can

this be a graceful allusion to his own claims to the highest office in the State? Lord Grimthorpe's solid contribution to the public weal is the clock of the Houses of Parliament. He is better as a clockmaker th $\bf an$ as a politician.

He is better as a clockmaker than as a politician.

At Crabbet Park, the Sussex seat of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, a sale of Arab horses—the ninth that has been held in recent years—took place on Saturday. The health of the host and of Lady Anne Blunt was proposed at a preliminary lunch by Mr. Evelyn, of Wotton; and Mr. Tattersall, the auctioneer, in a neat speech referred to the endurance of the horses—and of their owners under the criticisms of friends. The news of the day was that Mr. Blunt had enlarged his stud by the purchase in Cairo, for a very large sum of money, of the horses lately belonging to Ali Pasha Sherif, and descended from the mares which the Viceroy Abbas I. bought from the Bedouins for nearly £100,000. The large party present at the sale included the Earl of Lytton, the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Gort, Lord Calthorpe, Mr. Lecky, Sir George Bowen, Sir William Whiteway, the Countess of Lovelace, and a number of distinguished foreigners.

Professor Falb, of Vienna, fixes the extinction of the

distinguished foreigners.

Professor Falb, of Vienna, fixes the extinction of the human race for Nov. 13; 1899. On that day the earth is to come into collision with a comet, and everybody will be poisoned by gas or burnt alive. The Professor is well known for some remarkable performances in the science of meteorology, but these have not inspired his countrymen with any great faith in his predictions. The only potentate who appears to be influenced by them is Abdul Hamid, who may think that if he and the "Concert" have only two more years to bustle in, he may as well enjoy himself in the brief interval.

in the brief interval.

The funeral of Miss Jean Ingelow last Saturday morning brought together a little band of admirers of her poems, some of whom had never seen her face. Among these were some American ladies, who, in remembrance of the "Songs of Seven," bore in their hands bunches of daisies, still wet with dew. Mr. Ruskin, whose admiration had been particularly prized by Miss Ingelow, sent a cross of roses "in sorrow and affectionate memory." The chief mourner was Mr. Benjamin Ingelow, the "beloved brother" of one of the poetess's dedications.

The Bisley Meeting has this year proved more interesting than ever, the shooting and the weather combining to



PRIVATE W. T. WARD, WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.

make it memorable, as was only fitting in the year which brought together a record number of Colonial competitors. It was amid a scene of great excitement, closely watched by the Duke of York and the Duke of Connaught, that the Devonian, Private W. T. Ward, on the concluding day carried off the Queen's Prize. "The Conquering Hero," as he was promptly proclaimed by the attendant band, is a coachbuilder of Okehampton, and is just thirty years of age. He joined the 4th Devon Volunteer Battalion thirteen years ago, and was transferred to the 1st Devon last year. He learned to shoot under Major Pearse of Hatherleigh, a former Queen's Prizeman.

The literary world in general, and that part of it which has been identified with Edinburgh in particular, is distinctly the

poorer by the death of Sir John Sir John Skelton. It is, indeed, the loss to literature that is pri-marily to be deplored, for although Sir John's Sir John's knighthood. bestowed upon him so recently as Jubilee Day, was a recog-nition of his long service as a public official, his recent retire-ment from his duties had



THE LATE SIR JOHN SKELTOR

his duties had given rise to the hope that he would have all the more time to devote to literary work. Born at Edinburgh in 1831, Sir John was called to the Scots Bar in 1854, and although that year was not destined to mark the beginning of a great legal career, it introduced to the reading public, under the nem-de-guerre of "Shirley," a new writer of great vigour and charm. His early contributions to Blackwood's Magazine and to other periodical publications have since found a more permanent place in volume form as "Essays of Shirley" and "Table-Talk of Shirley," As a historian he will live by reason of his valuable contributions to the inexhaustible controversy which centres round the name of Mary Stuart.

Sir John's house, The Hermitage, on the Braid Hills just beyond Edinburgh, was a recognised gathering place for literary men, and among other services of its owner to literature must be accounted his discovery of the youthful Robert Louis Stevenson's great gifts. Having abandoned the law by reason of ill-health, Sir John, in 1868, accepted office as Secretary of the Poor-Law Board of Scotland, and three years ago became Vice-President and Chairman of the Scots Local Government Board, a post from which he but recently retired.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier (ame over from Paris on Sunday to meet Monsignor Merry del Val, the Papal delegate, who is returning from Canada to Rome to report on the Manitoba Schools question. Everybody is anxious that the difficulty should be amicably settled, especially the Prime Minister and the delegate.

Prime Minister and the delegate.

The theatre which Shelley's son built at Chelsea has been demolished. A love of the sea descended from father to son, and Sir Percy Shelley, undeterred by the poet's fate, was a devoted yachtsman. His next most ruling passion was for amateur acting and for scene-painting; and these he indulged both at Boscombe and in Chelsea, where, adjoining Shelley House, he put up the theatre now levelled to the ground. Difficulty beset it from the first. The necessary license was hard to get; then the neighbours obtained an injunction against the performances on account of the noise made by carriages at night. The building was not negotiable for anything but a playhouse, so it has been cleared away to make room for a block of flats.

Lord Dysart has discovered that the greatest social

Lord Dysart has discovered that the greatest social Lord Dysart has discovered that the greatest social tyranny is the compulsory evening dress at the Opera. This has provoked some greatly daring persons to ask whether Lord Dysart dresses for dinner. If he does, why should he object to going to the Opera in this costume? If he does not, how can he reconcile such neglect with the obligations of the peerage? This is the dilemma from which he can scarcely escape without running some risk of upsetting the House of Lords.

The Hardwicke Society, at the instigation of Mr. Augustine Birrell, has decided that the "pretensions" of the daily Press are ridiculous, and ought to be abated. It is thought that after so momentous a declaration the matter cannot be allowed to rest. Mr. Birrell is expected to introduce a Bill in the House of Commons to give effect to the judicial decision of the Hardwicke Society, and the proprietors of daily newspapers are said to be apprehensive that this may stimulate the nation to demand the abolition of morning and ovening journals, and the limitation of the franchise to persons who can prove to the satisfaction of a magistrate that they subscribe to at least one weekly paper.

Father O'Halleran, a Roman Catholic

subscribe to at least one weekly paper.

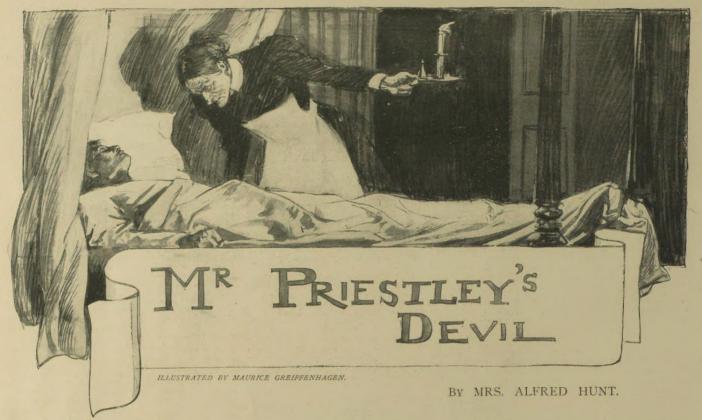
Father O'Halloran, a Roman Catholic priest at Ealing, is defying an inhibition pronounced by Cardinal Vaughan. It seems that the Cardinal wishes to transfer the mission which is in Father O'Halloran's charge to certain monks, but the priest refuses to budge. The technicalities of the dispute are rather difficult to follow; but Father O'Halloran apparently claims that he is within his rights in declining to submit to the Cardinal's jurisdiction.

The sourcess of excursionists would

The sorrows of excursionists would seem to the casual observer to be often greater than their joys. A climax of misery was reached by the hapless trippers who spent Sunday night on Eastbourne Pier. They had come from Brighton by a steamer which went on to Hastings, and which was expected to call on the return journey. Like other belles, the Plymouth Belle proved faithless; and a night out was the result.



THE DUKE OF YORK AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT WITNESSING THE WINNING SHOT FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.



THEY were half-cousins, and had been accustomed to see each other once or twice every year since child-hood, for Mary Maskelyne lived with her grand-mother and aunt at St. Bridget's, and Edward Maskelyne ee each other once or twice every year since childgenerally spent his holidays and vacations there. As time went on, they, with the full consent of their own hearts, became engaged to each other, after which these holidays were happier than ever; but when they had been engaged for two years and a half something happened.

It was not that they quarrelled, it was not that he or

she had fallen in love with someone else and had to confess the fact, but Edward Maskelyne had recognised that so much work of all kinds lay before him that he would have no time to be in love with his cousin or with anyone else for many a long year to come. She was in the garden reading when he went to tell her this. She saw him coming: never in her life had she associated the sight of him with anything but increased happiness, so she put down her book and smiled in anticipation of the joy he was bringing with him.

"I have come to speak rather seriously to you, dear," he said. He did not sit down by her, and his voice was not the voice that she was accustomed to.

Nevertheless he was hers, and she loved and trusted him, so she only said, "Oh, Edward, how an interview which began in that manner used to terrify us when we were children!

"It really is something serious," he said; "I have been

trying to say it for three days."
"Ever since you came, then! Sit down here and say it now," she said, moving a little away to make still more room for him.

He did not take the seat she offered him, but stood by her, looking for once rather awkward. What he had to say made him nervous, but he was perfectly calm while he told her that he was very much afraid that, in justice to her their engagement ought to come to an end, as he did onto believe he could possibly be in a position to marry "for many a long year to come." The phrase had presented itself to his mind when thinking it all over by himself, and he could find no other to use now that he was in

But I will wait for as many of these years as you like,

dear," she said.

"The thought that I was compelling you to do so would be a misery to me! You see, Mary, I am by no means sure that I shall ever be able to make my way."

"You would like to be quite free, you mean?" she said quietly.

Like it! I should not like it at all! How could I? But I really do believe that it would be better for both of us

"You shall be quite free. We will be engaged no Your future must be thought of!

"And yours, dear?"
"Oh, never mind mine. I have work to do. My future need not be thought of."

She could not stand this, and rose in haste to go in; but she forced herself to sit down again, and said rather inconsequently, "We shall, of course, not see much of each other after this.

It will be better if we do not, but we can write oceasionally.

The word "occasionally" cut her to the heart. She said, almost bitterly, "Oh, no! We must not write."

"Not write?"

"Yes, not write! You see," she said, with a sickly smile intended to comfort him, "we should have to make such a complete afteration in our style! No, I shall not write to you, Edward, but that won't mean that we are not friends. We shall always be friends, of course, and take an interest in each other; so tell me a little about what you are now going to do and to work for, that I may know what

I ought to take an interest in."

Oh, nothing new. I shall just go on devilling for Mr. Priestley—that's what I'm doing now, but you know that already. He is not very generous with his briefs. But I daresay I shall have more from him in time."

"And then?" asked Mary, very calmly to all appearance, but in her heart there was a sudden uprising of hope that he would say, "Oh, then, dearest Mary, I shall come

But what he said was: "Oh, then, of course, I must do my best to get into Parliament, and other things will no doubt present themselves that I shall have to try for. But don't talk about me, Mary; you don't know how bitterly

Oh, if you please, Edward, say nothing of that kind! All is settled-it's of no use to talk of things that are likely to weaken our resolution. I am going in now—we are cousins, so I may still call you dear Edward. Goodbye, dear Edward. I shall read the newspapers and see your successes, and no one will rejoice in them more than I shall.

"I had thought——" he began, but she was gone.
When he left for London an hour later he looked up when he passed Mary's window with a vague hope of seeing her face once more. Instead of Mary's sweet young face he saw that of her old nurse Allonby -a grim, greycomplexioned woman, who looked down on him with such an amount of concentrated detestation and contempt that could scarcely think of anything else all the rest of

the day.
"What is this that you tell me?" said the old, old grandmother of ninety to the old aunt of sixty-eight. Edward has broken off his engagement to Mary, and is going to think of nothing now but making his fortune! can't be true! It can't possibly be true!"
"I'm afraid it is," said the old aunt drearily.

"Then all I can say is that there is one thing of which our family may boast, and that is of having supplied Mr. Priestley with a perfectly genuine devil."

Was that Mrs. Philip Molesworth's carriage at Lewis and Allenby's shop-door? It was, and she herself was

sitting huddled up in a corner of it, looking, if possible, more stern and downcast than during the interview which she had compelled him to accord her three years ago after his engagement to her favourite niece Mary had been broken off. She had done her best then to make him offer to renew it, and when he had explained how entirely destructive of every hope of advancement an early marriage would be to him, she had not hesitated to inform him that, though it might have been arrant folly to enter into such an engagement, it was sheer knavery to break it off. The words stung him afresh now as he thought of them; but he smiled faintly and bowed to her, and in spite of what might prove to be a cold reception, sprang forward, not with joy at the sight of his uncle's half-brother's wife, but because, in spite of prudence, in spite of everything, his heart never failed to stir within him whenever he saw anyone who was, perhaps, able to give him news of Mary

Mrs. Philip Molesworth saw that it was his intention to speak to her, started back, as if in absolute abhorrence of him, put her hand up as if to defend herself from his approach, and before he had recovered his self-possession, we her coachman the signal to drive on, and was gone Edward Maskelyne did not find it easy to recover the shock

It was three years since he had done the thing which she was so bitterly resenting now, and even after the storm and stress of their last interview she had assured him that she should always remember that she was his uncle's halfbrother's wife, and that, though she did not wish to see him, she would, as a devout Catholic, strive not to think unkindly of him. Why had her indignation gathered to unkindly of him. Why had her indignation gathered to itself such an extraordinary accession of strength? "How terribly unforgiving middle-aged female relations can be! Dear Mary forgave me at once!" he thought. He was disappointed now, as well as hurt, for he had not heard Mary's name for more than a year. He had never been in Ireland since they had parted, and though his old aunt wrote him a letter now and then, she always studiously excited wanter her week. His appropriate these letters had avoided naming her niece. His answers to these letters had been generally somewhat short: he had little time or inclination for letter-writing, but whenever he thought of Mary it was of the sweetest and dearest woman he had ever known, and he was sometimes even pleased to regard himknown, and he was sometimes even pleased to regard himself as an object of pity for having been obliged to give her up. He had, however, had very little time to think of her at all, for ever since he had last seen her he had been swallowed up in work. It had not been unprofitable work. Thanks perhaps to Mr. Priestley, he had made his way in his profession—he had got into Parliament, and only the night before had made a speech which had (it was said) electrified the House. He had made the most brilliant speech of the Session. Five minutes before he had been a happy man, and now all joy had vanished because an ill-tempered old woman had looked on him with abhorrence.' And yet, far away in a corner, into which he had huddled it as a thing which he was much too busy to attend to—he had a conscience, which told him now what it was always

trying to tell him, that he had done what everyone must view with abhorrence.

It was true, and he knew it; but Mary had forgiven him, and he thought that everyone else had. Busy men have no time to go about collecting the opinions of outlying members of their family as to their conduct, and now this black-looking woman, who, after all, was only his uncle's half-brother's wife, had—

"Maskelyne, my dear fellow, what on earth is the matter?" exclaimed a pleasant old brother M.P. "You ought to be almost off your head with delight, and there you are standing by the kerb-stone as if you were thinking

that one plunge into the dark and sullen river flowing at your feet would end your misery!"

"It's all because my uncle's half-brother's ugly old wife has just cut me dead," said Maskelyne, smiling bitterly.

"But why in the name of all that's sensible are you not at this moment with somebody's sweet young sister—some girl who is willing to be your wife, I mean? You shouldn't look like that! You should be thinking of the girl who loves you and who at this very moment is, no doubt, sitting with her cheeks aflame and eyes all aglow, reading what every paper in the country is saying of you."

"Perhaps I am thinking of her!"

"Thinking of her! What's the use of thinking of her? Go to her and enjoy your success with her—there's no such way of enjoying it as that. By Jove! what would I not give to be able to make such a speech as you did? What would any of us not give? Come along. If you are give? Come along. If you are going to the Club, I'll have the distinction of walking with you."

"I am going to my chambers." "Not to brood over your half - uncle's deceased wife's sister — that's what she was, wasn't it ? - passing you without speaking, I hope. Why did she do that, I wonder? No young woman would have done it.

"Why did she do it?". Maskelyne began to wonder too, for she was much more bitter against him now than at first, and she had promised, as a devout Catholic—he and all his family were Catholics—to try to think kindly of him. "She knows that I am comparatively rich now, I suppose, and feels that it's my to go back to Mary and ask her to be my wife, and-after all-perhaps that-is true."

He went to his chambers. People were waiting for himwork was waiting for him too. He got rid of the people, but had more difficulty with the work. It had not occurred to him before that he was now able to marry. He sat thinking for hours, and still the burden of his thought was, "What shall it profit me if I gain the whole world and lose the one thing that would make life happy?" A half-formed resolution had already found place in his mind, when a letter from Ireland was put into his hand. It had been addressed by a servant, and when he opened

it, he wished that she had penned the letter too. writing was most extraordinary—it looked more like a sketch of a quick-set hedge in midwinter than anything else. At first he could see nothing but spikes and leafless branches darting out here and there and everywhere in meaningless confusion; gradually, however, he began to distinguish words, and found that it was from his ninetythree years old grandmother, who had not put pen to paper for years, and who even when he was last in Ireland had only been able to leave her bed for an hour or two daily. After repeated attempts, he was able to decipher these words-

Edward, my dear boy, Edward, they do not want you to be told about Mary. They think that I know nothing about what goes on; but I do. Mary is ill. She has been ill a long time. You ought to come. Come! Come! Come!

She has fretted a great deal about you. It is serious now-

He at once sent a telegram to his grandmother-Expect me at half-past ten on Thursday night.

The moon was shining with almost the brightness of day when he stood at the door of his grandmother's house. The last person whom he had seen when he left it was Mary's old nurse, Allonby, a hard, vindictive woman whom he had never liked, but who passionately loved Mary, and for her sake had schooled herself into being a kind nurse

"You would like to be quite free, you mean?" she said quietly.

to Mrs. Maskelyne, and for her sake, too, had doubtless pursued him with that look of hatred which even to this day he could not forget. Strange to say, Allonby's face was the first that he saw on his return. It looked white and rigid when she opened the door.

"You, Allonby?" he said, "I did not expect to see

"All the rest are abed, or you would not," she said, without looking in his face or taking any notice of the hand which, for Mary's sake, he held out to her.

"How is Miss Mary?" he inquired anxiously.

"Miss Mary is well—very well," she answered sternly,

as if she thought that he had no right to ask the question.

"And my grandmother?" "My mistress is well, Sir. Supper is laid for you in the dining-room, and you are to sleep in the room you

used to occupy before, when you came here"; and having thus got rid of all that she thought it necessary to say to

him in one breath, she turned to go.
"I shall see my aunt, I hope; it is barely half-past He was determined not to seem to observe woman's tone of animosity.

"Miss Maskelyne is not here. She took Miss Mary to Dublin a month ago for better advice.

"Then Miss Mary is in Dublin, too, I am afraid. They have neither of them come back, you mean," he exclaimed, and his spirits fell to zero, for during some hours at least he would, perhaps, be left to the tender mercies of this for-

bidding woman, tempered only by such kindness as could be shown by a nonagenarian.

"They have neither of them come back," she said.

"But Miss Mary is better?

You said that she was better."
"Yes, I said she was better, and she is.

"And she will soon come back here?

As if weary of being forced to reply to the questions of the man she hated, Allonby suddenly turned her back on him and began to go, but he would not let her have the triumph of departing

without giving him an answer.
"Allonby, I asked a question and must have an answer. Miss Mary soon be back?'

"Yes, she will soon be back," she said, without so much as turning round while she spoke; and then she left him.

He went into the dining-room. which, under feminine management, was more of a sitting-room than a dining-room. He had always liked its old-world aspect, and when he saw it again a bliss-ful sense of being once more at home and at rest came over him; here indeed was rest, and here soon would be love and happiness. He took up a candle to look at Sir Joshua's portraits of his greatgrandfather and grandmother, and Linnell's of his aunt when young, and the inlaid cabinets and precious china bowls which had never seen the inside of any London shop, but had been brought from China or Japan by sailor-uncles of their fathers. All at St. Bridget's was dignified and tranquillising, and he had left it for London and its clamour and strife. He drank some wine and went out by a window into the garden. By this time the past had him wholly in its power. was Mary's, and he was happy. He lit his pipe and strolled about. The air was full of fragrance, the heavy - headed roses dropped scented dew on his face if he drew them down to smell them; mignonette and heliotrope lavished their perfumes unasked; the quietness was infinitely soothing. Presently he even walked past the garden seat by which he had stood when, as he told himself, he had been such a brute: the rest of his life should be spent in trying to atone for it. garden was simply delicious-the house looked a dungeon, to which he had no wish to retire until overpowered by actual fatigue. The only light in it that was visible came from the dining-room,

and upstairs in Mrs. Maskelyne's room was the dull gleam of a night-light, which shone as feebly as the light of life shone in her.

There was a pleasure in thus stealing an hour or two from a night which was not likely to be blessed by sleep. Dublin was only thirty miles off, and it was his intention to return there next day as soon as he had seen the poor old lady upstairs, and to stay near Mary for at least a week. Work might take care of itself—he had sacrificed more than enough to work and worldly advancement.

After he had been in bed some hours a dream came to After he had been in bed some hours a dream came to him. To him, however, it seemed a terrible reality. He thought that the door of his room slowly opened, and Allouby came in. She paused for a while on the threshold, and then she thrust the door wide open and stood as if waiting for someone to follow het. Ere long he heard footsteps, and two men appeared carrying a large and

heavy black coffin on their shoulders.

"Set it down there at the bed foot, if you please," said Allonby sternly; and having been obeyed, she came straight to the bedside and looked at him.

"You can put him in at once," she said. "He is asleep, and he will not wake up. There is no fear of his

But neither of the men moved.
"Don't you hear me?" said Allonby impatiently.
"Now is the time to do it! I tell you again that he will not be able to wake up."

Hereupon Maskelyne, who felt perfectly able to hear, see, and understand all that was going on, tried to spring to his feet, but found that he could not so much as raise his head from the pillow.

The men were coming noiselessly towards him. Allonby was calmly watching their movements. Once more he strained every nerve to rise up and resist what was coming; once more he found that he could not even move a finger.

Then the men came, one to his head and one to his feet, and lifted him into the coffin, and he felt that his

body was cold and stiff as that of a corpse while they did it, and yet his mind was alert.

And now Allonby drew near to take a last look at him as he lay there in his coffin, and never did any man receive such a bitterly cruel last look as this of hers. It seemed to cut him through and through.

'That's all!" she said as she turned away "Screw down the lid and get done.'

For the last time Maskelyne struggled to move or speak, and succeeded in saying "Mercy

"What mercy did you show her?" said Allonby. "Get done,

Maskelyne heard them begin to fumble with screws.
"Mercy!" he said

again; but at that mo-ment he was shut off from all light and hope.

" He shall have grand funeral," he heard Allonby say, as if to console the men for what they were compelled to do, "Everything shall be done just as the family itself would do it for him. I have seen to all that myself. It is beginning now—there's the 'Miserere!'"

He almost thought that he did hear the "Miserere." He was now alone, and he certainly heard it. Sud-

denly a loud shriek rang throughout the house, whereupon his distress became so great that he awoke.

It was broad daylight, the sun was shining into the room. He mechanically looked at his watch; it was nearly seven o'clock, but—and he shuddered as he became aware of it-he still heard the funeral psalm.

The singing seemed to come from outside. He was able to get out of bed, but barely awake yet, and still much under the influence of that dream. Thank God, however, he was at last beginning to recover the use of his limbs! He drew aside the curtain and, though half-blinded by the light, saw a little group of people just turning round a corner of the drive to a point from which they were visible from the house. They looked like people in a procession—nay, what he saw even seemed to fit on to his hideous and grotesque dream. Had it been a dream? Was he dreaming still? for this really and truly looked very like a funeral procession. Two boy acolytes headed it then came young men bearing crosses, with a boy on each side of them, each carrying a candle. Then came a boy with incense and another with holy water, and after them the priest in his black biretta and black and white vestments. Maskelyne's breath came quick. That fiend Allonby had said that all should be done properly and it was being done properly, for behind the priest walked a group of the Maskelyne tenantry. All came slowly up to the house, and behind these was the coffin, covered with a heavy

black pall. And now the wail of the "De Profundis" rose and fell, and still Maskelyne, who in the two or three minutes that had elapsed had not had time to shake off the stupor of sleep and the horror of this dream which had accompanied it, wondered what could be the signification of this. Was his dream, as dreams sometimes are, to some extent true? Was his grandmother dead, or was that dream still going on?

He roused himself! He was not dreaming, and his

grandmother, if dead, would have been borne out of the house, not brought into it. And then a thought came into his mind that made his heart stand still.

It was Mary whom they were bringing home! Mary was dead—that was why Allonby had said she was well! Knowledge of the whole truth came to him in a flash—Mary had been dead for some days. Mrs. Philip Molesworth knew-that was why she would not, or could not, speak to him. His grandmother did not know—they had kept the truth from her—but she knew enough to make her try to do good to Mary by bringing him back to

He had come back and he loved her, and. . fainted. No one came near him. He was nothing to



He knew that the rest of his life would be as broken and shattered as those white flowers.

any of them at that moment. He lay where he fell; sometimes half conscious—sometimes unconscious—he never knew how long.

About three o'clock in the afternoon he went downstairs. He would go as he had come, unseen and unspoken to. How could he speak to them? How could they speak to him? The trestles on which her coffin had rested were still standing in the middle of the hall. The floor was strewn with fallen white rose-leaves and broken flowers from her funeral wreaths-and as he looked on them he knew that the rest of his life would be as broken and shattered as those white flowers.

THE END.

Controversy is raging over Ten Eyck, the young American who won the Diamond Sculls at Henley. It is said that he is a mechanic, a professional sculler, and that he ought not to have been allowed to compete with amateurs. One indignant writer calls him a "Yankee artisan." On the other hand, it is denied that he has ever rowed for money, and certainly his admission to the competition seems to show that the Regatta Committee were satisfied about his claims. Perhaps this distinct American victory at Henley will sooth many patriots in the United States and smooth the way for diplomacy through the labyrinth of the Behring Sea Question.

ART NOTES.

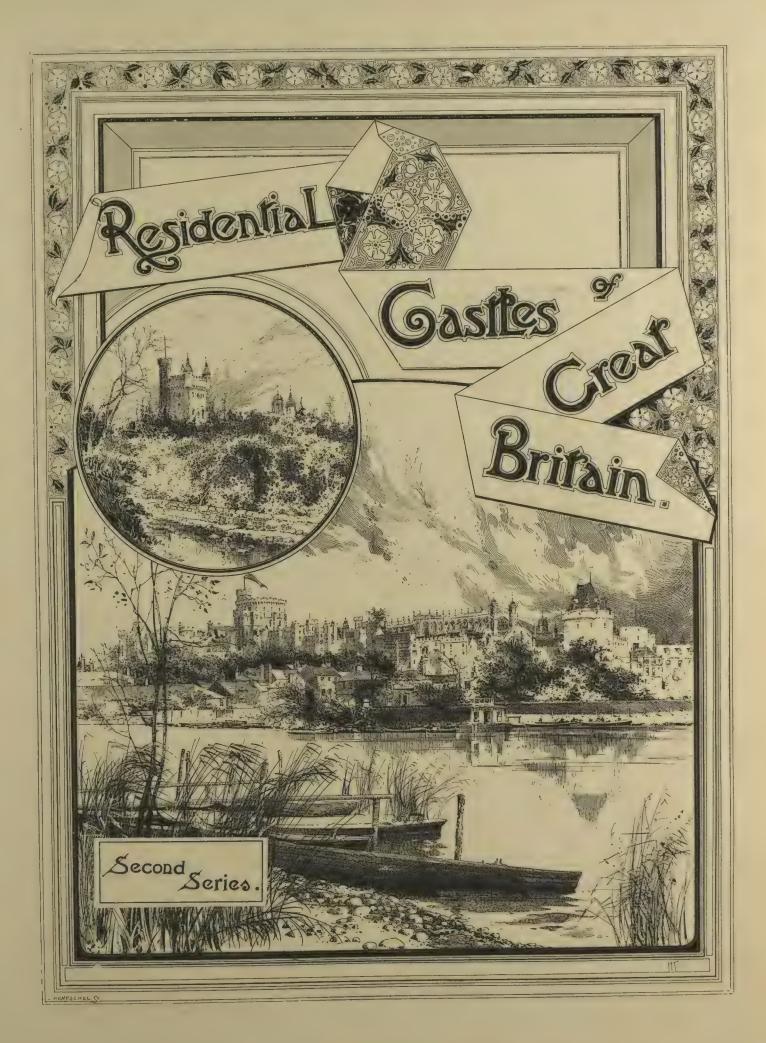
A French art-critic of repute, M. Gabriel Mourey, has placed on record his opinions of the present year's exhibitions at Burlington House and the New Gallery. They are, on the whole, favourable to our fellow-countrymen, whose individuality he recognises as of greater value than the purer technique of French artists. At first sight he is shocked by the feeble treatment and unskilful realisation of really original and delicate ideas; but on second thoughts M. Mourey acknowledges that, after all, this devotion to style gives to the exhibitions of the Salon and the Champ de Mars an impersonal uniformity, which wearies the spectator and is fatal to the best interests of art itself. M. Mourey is also struck by the comparatively little space occupied by merely anecdotic pictures in our exhibitions; while our landscape-painters strive to interpret Nature instead of merely attempting to imitate her. They are less anxious to impress upon others their own personal impressions than to generalise in a harmonious expression the feelings which the aspects of Nature arouse in all. A French art-critic of repute, M. Gabriel Mourey, has

which are not surpassed elsewhere, and in the first-named work he recognises an accent of sincerity and profound conviction which raises it far outside the usual limits of religious sentimentalism. Among the sculptors he unhesitatingly places Mr. Onslow Ford in the front rank, and declares that each of his busts shows a mastery of lisart, no less than an intensity of expression, recalling the sculptors of the Italian Renascence. The bust of Millais, he asserts, is a or the fundam hemas-cence. The bust of Millais, he asserts, is a work of the highest order, which in the museums of the future will be looked upon with respect and admiration.

Art, it must be admitted, has received but scant recognition among the Jubilee honours. It would be fatuous to suppose that Mr. Wyke Bayliss's knighthood was not conferred upon the pret yet between the pret yet between the pret yet her between the yet her betwe

suppose that Ar. Was Bayliss's knighthood was not conferred upon the post rather than on the occupant. It is none the less pleasing to him to feel that he has vindicated the claim of the President of the Society of British Artists to be placed on a level with his colleagues at the Royal Academy and the two Water-Colour Societies. Mr. W. B. Richmond's titular distinction was, it may be added, for a moment called in question, and the special mark of royal favour conferred upon him was said to have been a mistake. But this rumour was authoritatively contradicted, and the distinction of the broad red ribbon of the Bath was appropriately assigned to the decorator of the great metropolitan Cathedral where the Queen's Jubilee Service was celebrated. The neglect of those who have done so much for nationalising the art-treasures of the country is more marked, and suggests that those on whose motion honours are conferred are absolutely indifferent to the claims of those who have spent thousands to give rational enjoyment to the public. There is nothing either vulgar or reprehensible in a national benefactor looking for public recognition. Every official who is not too proud or independent to make his merits known expects, and generally receives, some reward; but millionaires who use their wealth to give pleasure to others are snubbed by the group of self-admirers who imagine that "distinctions" should be reserved only for those familiar with the Treasury backstairs.

The so-called historical painting "Laying the Foundation-Stone of the Westminster Cathedral," by Mr. R. W. Withers-Lee (Messrs. Henry Graves), belongs to the same category as the more mundane or secular pictures issued from time to time by Messrs. Dickenson. The present work naturally includes portraits of the leading members of the Roman Catholic body in this country, and the ceremony at which they were assembled was one well worthy of being recorded on canvas and perpetuated by engraving.



"Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew."-WHITTIER.

HER MAJESTY'S PRIZE-THE FAITHFULLEST!

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the Most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent! But to the

In other words, "His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

"It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort - a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER MAJESTY at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded not to the clererest boy, nor the most bookish boy, nor to the most precise, diligent, and prudent boy, but to the NOBLEST boy, to the boy who should show the most promise of becoming a LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN."-SMILES.

REVERENCE

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude Itself.

REVERENCE for what is PURE and BRIGHT IN your YOUTH; for what TRUE and TRIED IN the AGE of OTHERS;
for all that is GRACIOUS
AMONG the LIVING, GREAT among the DEAD, AND MARVELLOUS in THAT CANNOT DIE. TFI take the wings of the DWELL in the uttermost OF the UNIVERSE, 'THY
POWER IS THERE.'
KNOWEST thou ANY
CORNER of the WORLD
WHERE at least FORCE

THE WITHERED LEAF CANNOT DIE:

DETACHED!

SEPARATED! I say NOSUCH SEPARATION:

WAS ever stranded; cast

BUT ALL, were it only a

WORKS together with THE BOTTOMLESS,
SHORELESS FLOOD of ACTION, AND LIVES THROUGH PERPETUAL META-

PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

THE Withered Leaf IS NOT DEAD and LOST.

THERE are Forces in it AROUND it, though ELSE how could it ROT? DESPISE NOT the RAG MAN MAKES PAPER, or LITTER from which THE EARTH makes RIGHTLY viewed, NO MEANEST OBJECT is INSIGNIFICANT; ALL Objects are as WINDOWS, through PHILOSOPHIC EYE

INFINITUDE ITSELF. CAREYLE. MORAL!

THE above DISTINCTLY PROVES that matter is TNDESTRUCTIBLE

INTELLECT — UNDER-STANDING, GENIUS, ABILITY, SENSE— is without doubt SUPERIOR to MATTER; NOT LOGIC to Preserve DESTROY the SUPERIOR THE following beautiful

'RESIGNATION' are

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death."-Longfellow.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."-Sterne.

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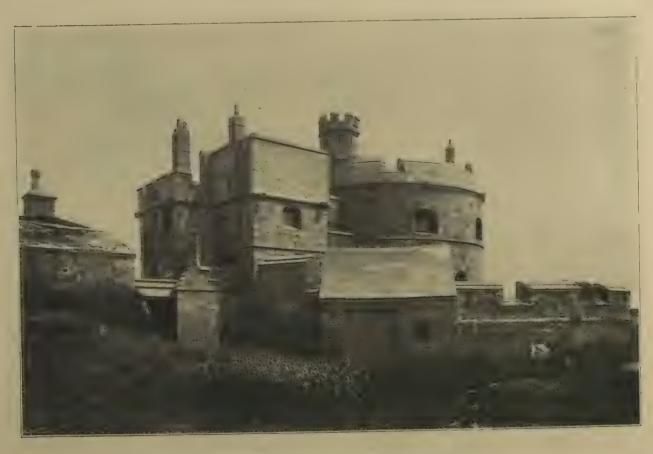
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ALNWICK CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



PENDENNIS CASTLE, FALMOUTH, MILITARY GARRISON.



DUNVEGAN CASTLE, ISLE OF SKYE, THE SEAT OF MR. NORMAN MAGNUS MACLEOD, C.M.G.



LUMLEY CASTLE, DURHAM, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF SCARBROUGH.



BISHOP AUCKLAND CASILE, THE PALACE OF THE BISHOPS OF DURHAM.

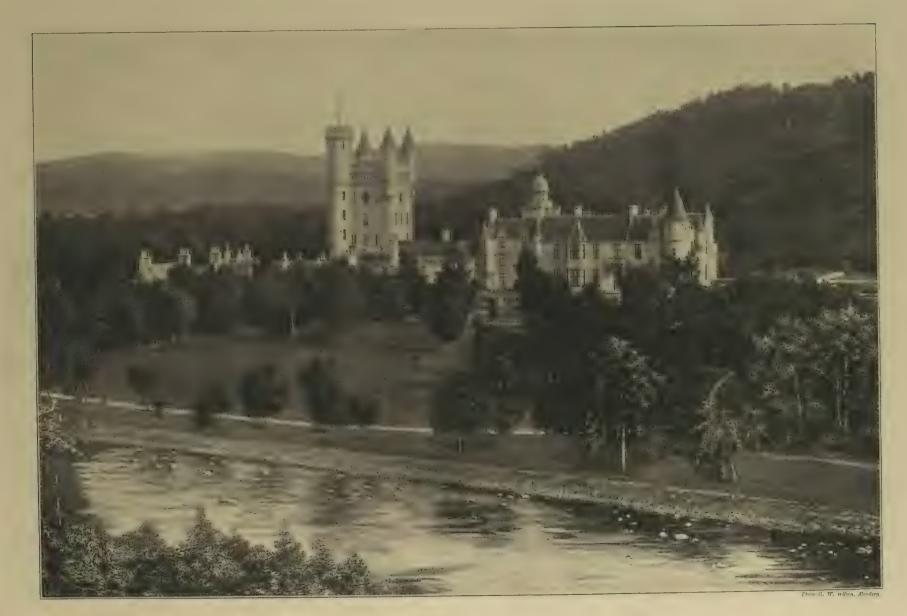


CARDIFF CASTLE, GLAMORGAN, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.



Photo G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

ABERGELDIE CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE, THE SEAT OF MR. HUGH MACKAY GORDON.



BALMORAL CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE, THE QUEEN'S HIGHLAND RESIDENCE.



GREYSTOKE CASTLE, CUMBERLAND, THE SEAT OF MR. HENRY CHARLES HOWARD.



BRECHIN CASTLE, FORFARSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE.



STRADEY CASTLE, CARMARTHEN, THE SEAT OF MR. CHARLES W. MANSEL LEWIS.



BALNAGOWAN CASTLE, ROSS-SHIRE, THE SEAT OF SIR CHARLES ROSS, BART.



INVERARY CASTLE, ARGYLLSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.



DRUMMOND CASTLE, PERTHSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF ANCASTER.



DUNROBIN CASTLE, SUTHERLANDSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.



CAWDOR CASTLE, NAIRNSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF CAWDOR.



Photo G. H. Wisson, Averdeen.

TAYMOUTH CASTLE, PERTHSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE.



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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS

The cry is "Still they come," the beating dresses. I have seen dozens of them this week, differing, perhaps, very little in detail, for the sailor bodice is always de rigueur, and serge and flannel share favour with linen drill and piqué. That is a good example illustrated, and could be carried out in either of these materials; a combination of black - and - white stripe, dark-red serge, and white flannel braided in black would be very effective. Beneath the collar is tied a sailor knot, which would look its best in black, and it has gold buttons fastening it down the front. Gold buttons seem to be very much in favour on serge costumes, these being mostly perfectly plain and polished. All sorts of fanciful buttons have been the rage this year, and the manufacturers have been very ingenious in investing these with varied charm. Perhaps the most attractive are those of oxidised silver with a plaited effect; then oxidised silver also looks well in filigree inlaid with coloured enamel, and the miniature buttons have charms set round with a ring of diamonds, while bright emerald green enamel buttons set in gold rims are attractive on blue serge frocks, and on evening dresses it is impossible to better the buttons of the Parisian Diamond Company. The philosopher who declared that life was made up of buttoning and unbuttoning did not really point a moral, but he might have adorned a tale of fashion to-day.

a tale of fashion to-day.

Little gold buttons appear again on that other dress illustrated, which is of blue serge with fine lines of black braid, revers and belt of emerald green, a touch of the same being observable at the silken frilled lining and the cuffs. A blue serge dress is an indispensable possession, and a most attractive way of making this is with a prettily coloured plaid silk lining, the sailor bodice with gold buttons to be worn with a white muslin tucked shirt front, plaid tie beneath the stock collar, and a few folds of the plaid round the waist. But besides supplying ourselves with serge dresses, of which we need some three, the high bodice for evening wear is absorbing a great deal of attention from those who are off to the seaside labelled French or English. If economy be an object, and the black skirt the only wear, then should white bodices trimmed with black, or black bodices trimmed with white or with jet, be selected to complete it. As I have previously observed, the incongruous bodice is an abomination to-day; there was a time, I confess, when it was chic, but this is long past, and a friendly relationship between the two must be established by her who would be well dressed in the evening. Being supplied with that black skirt to which I have alluded, let me implore the purchase of white chiffon bodices high to the neck, covered with a very fine



A BOATING DRESS.

black lace coat, showing a few folds of white in the front; the sleeves to be of white chiffon, a little basque of black lace to be below the waist, the belt to be of fine jet. Another attractive bodice we could wear with that black skirt might be made with a swathed belt and an esprit net top and sleeves, the net in white spotted with black being particularly effective for such purpose. Yet a third bodice which I should recommend might boast a little bolero of black or coloured velvet, with a full gathered bodice of black net laid over white net and sleeves to match this. Yery attractive boleros are those which are supplied with short tails at the back, the slope from under the arms being becoming to the figure, and the waist of these is encircled with a narrow belt of jet.

We invariably patronise black and jet at this season of the year, and one of the most successful models which I have seen recently was of black crépe conventionally patterned in white, worn with a full gathered bodice with a white chiffon front, completed with a hat of black chip lined with white, trimmed with black ostrich feathers. It was, of course, a costume selected by a woman in half mourning, and it was certainly a most elegant embodiment of subdued grief.

There is much talk about black chip hats with black feathers, but after carefully wandering all over London in search of the like, I find they are rare birds; in fact, the good hat altogther is very little to be seen at the moment in any of the West-End establishments, and it is high time the milliners went to Paris in search of the kind if their inventive genius lacks energy. For besides the many examples of tulle toques, trimmed sailor hats, and bonnets with embroidered crowns, we certainly need to take on our travels some millinery of more solid attractions, and for this there is no style more suited than the shape of black chip trimmed either with feathers, or wings, or birds.

With feathers, or wings, or birds.

How cheaply the young girl may make herself look pretty nowadays I have been realising this week, having been in the company of a very smart young lady with a very limited income. She bought for herself at the sales three white linen skirts at \$8.11d. each; furthermore was she supplied with white cambric shirts of simple detail, possessing at the neck a large turn-down white collar which at once gave them a certain style. Beneath this collar, in the morning, she tied a black French scarf, and, in the afternoon, a white one. Round her waist she wore a white kid belt, price 2s. 6d., and on her head a white sailor hat. She had bought the shape for a shilling, tilted it with a bandeau at the left side, trimmed the crown with a scarf of white silk gauze, also a remnant which she secured for two shillings; and at one side she had a couple of large white wings, while two smaller ones rested on the bandeau amidst a few folds of silk mre'in. The girl looked positively charming, and the total cost of her costume was twenty-four shillings. And yet there are folks who declare we live in an extravagant age!

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Lady Aberdeen presided last week at a meeting held at the Woman's Institute, Grosvenor Crescent, to consider the formation of a "National Council of Women." The idea of this "Council" is an association of all societies of women working for any national public object. The "National Council" takes no share in the work of any of its constituent societies, but simply affords a means by which they each represent their objects to all the rest. Mrs. Creighton, the wife of the Bishop of London, attended Lady Aberdeen's meeting on behalf of a society called "The National Union of Women Workers," of which she is the president, and which she claimed is doing almost exactly the same work that the "National Council" would perform. She moved that the committee of the National Union of Women Workers should be approached to ascertain if they could make any changes in their constitution that would enable the proposed new "Council" to be formed in conjunction with that already existing society; and this, being adopted by Lady Aberdeen, was accepted by the meeting.

Lady Aberdeen is the President of the "International Council," which, as might be supposed, is a meeting of delegates from the National Councils of different lands, and this body proposes to meet in London in 1899. Hence it is desired to form the "British National Council" to welcome the women of all countries. The idea takes its rise in America, and the great and deeply interesting Women's Congress held in connection with the Chicago Exhibition, at which Mormon women and negrosses, and women of all religious bodies met on perfectly equal terms, was organised by the American National Council of Women. The freedom from sectarianism and social exclusiveness which exists in democratic America makes such broad-minded hospitality possible; I mean hospitality to ideas. The English Union of Women Workers is now "run" on somewhat "cliquish" and narrow lines, and I much fear that a true recognition of equality for small and unfashionable with large and "well-patronised" societies, and for rich and titled women with poor and unfashionable ones, will never be possible here.

In such respects women are very much behind men; though, indeed, the influence of a title, of Church membership instead of Dissent, of a strict accordance with social forms and absence of originality of views and conduct, is great even in men's organisations. But the case is far worse with women, amongst whom there is a pettiness and exclusiveness that is, on business grounds, kept absent from men's undertakings. A man's society welcomes all respectable and decent workers; a woman's organisation stops to ask who was the father or who is the husband of a proposed helper, what church she belongs to, and, above all, if anybody with a title or a thousand a year who is already on the committee personally dislikes the new worker. Of course, this is largely due to our want of early training in solidarity and in the impersonal character that properly belongs to a combination for some external object. A boy's education in this social spirit begins in his school, and especially in regard to the sports. Now few middle-aged women ever went to large public schools to give them the same sort of training. The man's education in this direction continues when he joins a cricket club and sets aside an "Honourable" who cannot play for a tradesman who can; or a political association, and finds that he must work with anybody who has any sort of influence to "get in" the candidate of the "right colour." Here again women are only beginning to combine their efforts with each other for

a public end, and to set on one side during the work, and for the work's sake, petty personalities. Allowance must be made for failures in large-minded views and in genuine organisation among women till our training is wider. Such an association as the "National Council" must have a good educational effect, if it is successful. The idea on which it is based is necessarily broad, tolerant, and unexclusive.

By a sad coincidence, this Diamond Jubilee year is proving very fatal to the illustrious women who have helped their Queen to make the Victorian era wonderful



A SEASIDE COSTUME.

in the history of women. For the third month in succession I have had to take down the little reference-book that I find so useful—"Women of the Day"—to enter the date of the death of a well-known writer of the generation that is now passing from the scene; Mrs. Linneus Banks first, then Mrs. Oliphant, and now Miss Jean Ingelow. One cannot but recall the difference in the way in which all three lived, in privacy and quiet, and gained their fame by the pure and legitimate means of steady excellence in work, with the antics of the present day—the being interviewed, the signing half-understood documents, the joining committees, and the dubbing one's self a. "Distinguished Woman" able to confer immortal fame on any man whom one asks to dinner, that are the arts by which the author of one successful novel or semi-popular song, the enterprising schoolmistress or budding lady doctor who wants to get known, or the lady of title who would rise out of the ruck of her equals into popular notoriety, make themselves conspicuous. Jean Ingelow and Mrs. Oliphant shared a really unreasonable dislike to "personal journalism," and went very little into general society; both were plain in the extreme in dress and general style; but both have left names that will live in honour in the literature of their period. Miss Ingelow was remarkably popular in America, and an urgent appeal was made from the death of Tennyson.

F. F.-M.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

At the recent meeting of the Anglo-Continental Society, presided over by the Bishop of Salisbury, the mission of Count di Campello in Italy was pronounced absolutely free from any schismatical taint. Count di Campello has been warmly sup-ported by some Presbyterians.

Discussion still proceeds about the Clergy Sustentation Fund, and I have no doubt that a p int has been made by those who say that its failure is due to the fact that the larty must be allowed some voice in the appointing of their clergy if they are to be called upon to contribute to their maintenance. The Vicar of St. James's, Upper Edmonton, has argued for this in a trenchant letter, and he says: "The present system of patronage is the key to the whole matter, for this lies at the root of all the mischief of clerical poverty and insufficient menns, and of this I am convinced, that until things are put on a right footing as regards the appointing of the clergy, it is hopeless to expect any great improvement in their wages."

Canon Benham says that he knew the

Canon Benham says that he knew the original of Mr. l'ecksnift. "He was a really very nice man and a capital whist-player, but his sleek manner was hit off exactly." It would be benevolent in Canon Benham to tell the public the name. At present the field is held by the late egregious Mr. S. C. Hall, who certainly had many claims to the distinction. Canon Benham also says that the parson who is affectionately referred to in Dickens's paper "Our Luglish Watering - Place" was Canon Tatvet.

Through the munificence of Lord Llangattock, Mr. Walter Savage Landor, and others, the restoration of the ancient Abbey Church of Llanthony, Monmouthshire, is almost completed. The building will very shortly be reopened by the Bishop of Llandhoff. The connection of the great Walter Savage Landor with Llanthony will be well remembered.

Archbishop Benson's memorial in Canterbury Cathedral is to be a canopied tomb beneath the north-west tower, nearest to the site of the place of burial.

The President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, is a



OPENING THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, PORT SUNLIGHT.

man of marked ability. His principal rival for the chair, Mr. Price Hughes, writes of him as follows: "Mr. Watkinson is one of the most original and striking figures in modern Methodism. Carlyle said that genius was a capacity for hard work. Mr. Watkinson has certainly exhibited that work among physical weakness and suffering. He has been a most laborious and successful student of books theological, philosophical, and scientific." There is every probability that Mr. Price Hughes will be elected President next year.—V.

THE NEW VICTORIA BRIDGE PORT SUNLIGHT.

THE NEW VICTORIA BRIDGE, PORT SUNLIGHT.

The Victoria Bridge, Port Sunlight, which was opened by the Hon. G. H. Reid, Premier of New South Wales, on July 21, has been erected across a tidal arm of the Bromborough Pool, at the distance of about 1500 yards from its mouth in the Mersey, its object being to connect one portion of Port Sunlight village with the high road running from Birkenhead to Chester. The bridge is in one arch of masonry of 100 ft. clear span with a rise of 12½ ft., being a segment of a circle with a radius of 107 ft. It has a total length of 187 ft. along its parapets, though it has a much greater length over the abutments. The masonry is of Anglesey limestone, while the cores of the abutments are of solid cement concrete. The voussoirs of the arch are moulded on the lower edge and worked carefully to the radius. Above the arch there is a handsome moulded stringcourse marking the level of the roadway, and this is surmounted by stone parapet walls having a height of 4 ft. above the footpaths. On the inside of the parapet, at the centre, the bridge has its name and date inscribed, "Victoria Bridge, 1897."

These parapets widen out at each end to 40 ft. so as to meet the Bolton Road. The design is somewhat severe and simple in character, but dignity is obtained by allowing the structural lines to emphasise themselves. The bridge has been erected in less than twelve months by Messrs. Lever Brothers' own staff, from the designs and under the superintendence of the architect, Mr. William Owen, F.R.I.B.A., of Warrington. Its weight, including the earth embankment, is 26,000 tons, of which over 9000 tons are solid masonry and concrete.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ions for this department should be addressed to the Chess Edit.

CHESS IN BERLIN.
Game played between Herr Charousek and an Amateur.

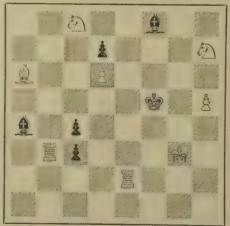
BLACK (Amateur.) Kt takes B P It is curious that no harm coming of Kt to Kt 5th (dis ch) B to Q 2nd liant finish, which

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between						
Messra, J. H. BLACKBURNE and H. JACOBS.						
(King's Gambit Declined.)						
WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACE (Mr. J.)			
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. K Kt takes B	R P takes Kt			
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	19. Kt takes B P	R to R 2nd			
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Ptakes K P	20. Kt to Q 5th	B to Kt 5th			
4. Kt takes P	B to Q 3rd	21. B to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th			
5. B to B 4th	Kt to K R 3rd	22. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd			
6. P to Q 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)	23. Kt takes Kt P	R to K 2nd			
If B takes Kt. 7.	B P takes B, Kt to	24. R to Q 5th	P to B 3rd			
		25. P to R 3rd	B to K 3rd			
would probably give	White the better	26. R to Q 6th	B to B 2nd			
7. P to Kt 3rd	Q to R 6th	27. P to Kt 4th	Kt to Q 2nd			
S. B to B so	Q to K 3rd	28. Castles	R to B sq			
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	29. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to B sq			
10. Q to K 2nd	Q to Q 4th	A blunder which los any case Black must	ses a piece. And in			
11. P to Q R 3rd	B to R 4th	Troughly file best blan	Woltli bave been to			
surrenter the exchange as follows: It a						
Knight wich Bishop.	to mave taken the	It al. white QB a.	Rakes L. 3l. Kt			
12. P to Q Kt 4th	Q takes P	R to B and a R to K	No. 1 at Why at Lan.			
13. B to Q Kt 2nd	B to Kt 3rd	Service A vertical and same	age.			
14. R to Q sq	Q to K 6th	30. P to K Kt 5th	Kt to K 3rd			
15. Q takes Q	B takes Q	Sl. P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt			
1J. Kt to Q 5th		32. B takes Kt	R takes P			

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2778 .- By H. M. PRIDEAUX. 1. B takes P .
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2781.-By P. H. WILLIAMS. BLACK



White to play, and mate in two moves

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been reading a very interesting and suggestive paper by Dr. H. Campbell on the medical aspects of the various modes of expressing our emotions, among which laughter, singing, crying, and sighing stand conspicuous. It is not so very long ago since a foreign scientist discoursed on the benefits of yawning. This act, which is generally regarded as partaking of the nature of a tired condition (or symptom of such a condition) of the respiration and of the need for fresh air, is said to be of great service in clearing the Eustachian tubes of the ears. These tubes lead from the back of the mouth to the inner side of the ear-drum, and yawning is looked upon in this light as a hygienic exercise which benefits the structures in question.

Dr. Campbell deals with the expression of the emotions

and yawning is looked upon in this light as a hygienic exercise which benefits the structures in question.

Dr. Campbell deals with the expression of the emotions in a very philosophical fashion. He has no difficulty in showing, for instance, that when we laugh we increase the play of tension in our lungs. One result of this increased tension is to arrest the blood-flow in the lungs, and to induce the taking of deep inspirations. These latter are healthful things, for many parts of our lungs are not called into active use in ordinary breathing. The apex, or top of the lung, is notably a part which does not actively participate in the movements of breathing, and as this is the special seat of consumption-attack, we may reasonably hold that the law of disuse explains the greater liability of this portion of the organ to the onset of disease. The free and active use of a part, strengthening and toning it as it were, is an essential condition for health. Hence laughter, by bringing into play the whole of the lungs, or at least by favouring an increase of lung-work, is to be reckoned an admirable exercise. Those movements which have for their object the bringing into play of the whole of the lung-cells are rightly regarded as of great importance in developing a healthy chest. Laughter seems, therefore, to be an admirable adjunct to such expedients.

Besides this physical effect of laughter, we have also to

developing a heatiny cheek. Laughter seems, therefore, to be an admirable adjunct to such expedients.

Besides this physical effect of laughter, we have also to take into account its mental side. There is a certain brainstimulus to be noted, a psychic result, in addition to the physical effect, and it is pretty certain the mental phase of a good, hearty laugh is, in its way, as healthful as is its physical aspect. Singing is also praised as an excellent lung-exercise, and I can vouch from experience that public speaking is as effective a lung tonic as one may wish for. The only drawback to the work of the speaker is the often foul condition of the atmosphere in which he has to do his work. The ventilation of halls is yet an unsolved problem, and rarely do I lecture in a hall which is even passably well aired. But of the actual effect of regulated voice-delivery no one can entertain any £oubt. What Dr. Campbell says of singing as a tonic in defective chest-development, and even as a cure for lung troubles, applies equally, I should say, to public speaking; only, for one person whose avocation leads him to the platform, there are, of course, thousands who can sing at will and at leisure.

It might not be thought that shouting was an act which had attached to it any special medical or hygienic virtue;



My friends know well my name is BROOKE, but yet on every hand, In sportive familiarity, I'm called: "OLD MONKEY BRAND!"

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and yet, as Dr. Campbell points out, while shouting has the effect of emotionally stimulating us and of inducing a state of cestasy, it also exhibits a tendency to act as a safety-valve for pent-up emotions. Just as an epileptic fit is the nerve-storm that clears the mental air for the time being, so a man in a passion, with pent-up nervous energy that may result in cerebral breakdown, is saved by his explosive outburst. In the matter of crying, the case is equally strong. The relief given to grief by the flow of tears is so familiar that we have only to place this idea in contrast to that of "tearless sorrow" to note how the physical act unloosens the mental strain. Dr. Campbell reminds us that by crying we lessen the blood-pressure on the brain, and the muscular movements of sobbing also tend to produce beneficial effects on the circulation in the bodily organs.

The hydronic effects of talking are also aluded to be Dr. Campbell. Here we find speech and

The hygicnic effects of talking are also alluded to by Dr. Campbell. Here we find speech and gesture often associated, and the animated debate will not only make demands on the nerve-energy of the speakers, but will also affect the muscular system favourably. It has been said that a good many men—Mr. Chamberlain among them—do not take exercise as that term is understood by devotoes of cyling, lawn-tennis, cricket, and other sports. It may be that the work of talking and debate represents for the politician, barrister, lecturer and teacher, a very fair amount of physical exercise when



EXTENSION OF THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY FROM CARR BRIDGE TO DAVIOT: LOCH MOY, WITH MOY HALL IN THE DISTANCE.

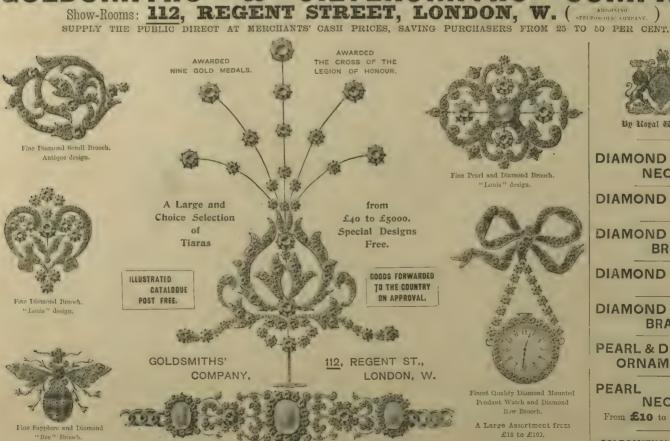
The portion of the Highland Railway opened on July 19 extends from Carr Bridge to Daviot, a distance of about seventeen miles. It is a section of a new route which will be opened through to Inverness next year, and which will reduce the distance between Inverness and the South by twenty-six miles, and in point of time by at least an hour. The district is one of singular beauty, and is practically new ground for tourists and sportsmen. For cyclists the route is an excellent one, as they can travel to haviot by rail, and thence to Inverness by cycle. To lovers of Soottish tradition and of folklore the district will also be an attractive one in itself, and it is adjacent to the scenes which Shakspere has immortalised in "Macbeth."



The holiday-maker who can take only a day at a time for his relaxation will ful the improved service of the New Palace Steamers a great convenience. Four of these fine saloon-paddle steamers are now making voyages as follows: La Marguerite sails from Thurry to Margate and Boulopne and back the same day, on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and on Sumbrys to Southend and Margate and back. The Royal Soverity sails daily from Old Swan Pier for Margate and Ramsgate and back; the Koh-i-Noor leaves Old Swan Pier for Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, and Deal, and back every Saturilay, Sunday, and Monday. La Belgique ples between London, Southend, Margate, and Ostend, making the return journey on alternate days. The fare from the London piers or Fenchurch Street to Margate and back hus been reduced to four shillings (fore-cabin) and five shillings (saloon)

all is said and done; and when I have personally been twitted as a man who does nothing in the way of exercise (of a fairly violent kind) I have often sought to maintain that the special avocations in which I am compelled to engage, necessitating constant speaking and constant travelling, make up for me quite as much physical exercise as any rational man requires. I am glad to find Dr. Campbell agrees with this view of things. He even thinks talking may be conducive to longevity, but I trust this statement will have no effect in prolonging the conversation of social bores, or in forming a justification of the magging habit.

The other day the guide to country lodgings issued by the North-Eastern Railway Company fell into my hands. This is a bulky pamphlet issued free by the Company. It gives plentiful information concerning all the resorts, in Yorkshire especially, and on the north-east of England as well. I could not help remarking on this enterprise, which has not only been a marked convenience to the public, but which must undoubtedly also redound to the credit and profit of the Company which compiles and issues such a list.





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the Tobacco he had brought from Virginia when his Jrish Servant, thinking his Master was on fire, dashed water over him.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1892), with a codicil (dated April 1, 1897), of Mrs. Martha Anne Larkins, widow, of 4, Priory Leas, Folkestone, and formerly of 104, Harley Street, who died on May 13, was proved on July 5 by Edward Merowether Bovill and Alexander Burnes Bagnold, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £103,389. Under the powers contained in the will of her father, the late Mr. Walter Stevenson Davidson, of 8t, James's Street, banker, she appoints, of a sum of £60,000, £1000 each to James Walter Turing, Catherine Antoinette Turing, Florence Ellen Turing, Julia Turing, and Blanche Amelia Wordsworth; and the remainder thereof to her step-daughter Mrs. Mary Ellen Thomson Bovill. She bequentlis £100 each to her executors; £500 to Mrs. Edith Mary Knox;



PRESENTATION TO THE ROYAL MARINES

The presentation consists of a solid silver and partly gilt cup and enver copied from an antique one in the possession of H.R.H. the Duke of Saye-Cobing, and dated George H. The design is known as a strap, and the body is decented back and from with two resimental backers of the Royal Marines. The knob is formed by a ducal crown. The inscription runs as follows: "The corps of the Royal-Marine Rities Challenge Cup, presented by the Admiral of the Elect, the Duke of Saye-Cobing-Golda, Duke of Edinburgh, Colonel in Chief of the corps, on the completion of the sixtleth year of the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria, 1897." The work has been carried out by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Regent Street.

£100 per annum to Eliza Ann Sparke; and an annuity of £52 to her maid Elizabeth Crouch. The residue of her real and personal estate she leuves, as to one moiety thereof, upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of her step-daughter, Mrs. Bovill, and the other moiety to Mrs. Bovill

daugnter, Mrs. Bovill, and the other moiety to Mrs. Bovill absolutely.

The will (dated May 10, 1897) of Mr. Thomas Bristow Stallard, J.F., of Leominster, Hereford, who died on May 25, was proved on July 15 by Frederick Stallard, the brother, and Josiah Valentine Stallard, the nephew, the creation of the personal estate being £90,613. The testator gives £100 each to his executors; £100 to his clerk. William J. Geaussent; £75 to his housemaid, Alice Mayo, and specific gifts of plate and jewels to his relatives. The residue of his red and personal estate he leaves between all his brothers and sisters, and the issue of any deceased brother and sister, in equal shares, but the portions of his sisters Mary Anne Vevers and Sarah Walsh are to be held, upon trust, for them, for life, and at their respective deaths are to be divided into six parts, and one of such parts is to go to each of his brothers and sister, William Stallard, John Stallard, Joseph Orlando Stallard, Frederick Stallard, and Emma Richards, and the remaining one sixth between the children of his deceased brother Josiah.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1893) of Mr. Charles Farlow,

Stalland, John Stallard, Joseph Orlando Stallard, Frederick Stalland, and Emma Richards, and the remaining one sixth between the children of his deceased brother Josiah.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1893) of Mr. Charles Farlow, of 2, St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on June 11, was proved on July 10 by Charles Paas Farlow and John Ambrose Farlow, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £56,707. The testator gives £100, the use of his house with the furniture and contents, and an annuity of £800 to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Emily Farlow; £100 and an annuity of £400 each to his daughters, Annie Osborn Garlike and Mary Ann Emma Betts; £8000 each to his sons, Charles Paas Farlow and John Ambroso Farlow; £500 to his grandson, Charles Fitzroy Farlow; £100 to his granddaughter, Miss A. Garlike; £100 each to his sisters, Mrs. Constance Le Grand, Mrs. Adéle Labouret, and Miss Alice Greatbatch; £100 each to his nephews, Arthur B. Farlow and Sidney Charles Farlow; and legacies to his coachman, cook, and persons in his employ. He devises his freehold property in Clare Market to his son Charles. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to two thirds to his son Charles, and the remaining one third to his son John.

The will (dated July 15, 1896) of Dame Eleanor Blanche Mary Astley, of Elsham Hall, Brigg, Lincoln, widow of Sir John Astley, Batt., who died at Brighton on June 7, was proved on July 14 by George William Rowe, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £23,264. The testatrix gives all her plate, furs, lace, household furniture, and her share in the Army and Navy stores, to her daughter Mary Beatrice Astley; her share in the Railway Passengers' Insurance Company (value £400) and a turquoise necklace to her daughter Eleanor Corrisande Astley; all her horses, carriages, harness, and farm implements, and her shares in the Hamilton Racecourse to her daughter Elise Sybil Astley; her dressing-case and all jewels, not specifically bequeathed, to her daughte

those of the Plymouth Water-Works to her son Gerald; three race cups and four running cups to her grandson John; £200 to her executor; a jewelled necklace each to her granddaughters, and legacies to servants. She devises the portrait of Sir John D. Astley, painted by Sir John Millais, the miniatures of her father, mother, and grandfather, and other miniatures, upon trusts of the settlement of the Elsham Hall estates. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her son Gerald and her daughters Mary, Eleanor, Elise, and Adeline.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1879)

her daughters Mary, Eleanor, Elise, and Adeline.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1879) of Mr. George Gilbert Scott, of the Midland Hotel, St. Pancras, and formerly of 26, Church Road, Hampstead, who died on May 6, was proved on July 16 by Mrs. Ellen Scott, the widow, Dukinfield Henry Scott, F.R.S., the brother, and George James Duncan, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £41,710. The testator gives £500 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay such a sum as, with that received from the funds of her marriage settlement, will make up £500 every six months to his wife, but should she again marry that sum is to be reduced to £350. Subject as above, all his property is to go to his children. his property is to go to his children.

The will (dated April 6, 1883), with a codicil (dated Jan. 7, 1893) of Mr. Charles Ranken Vickerman, of Hean Castle, St. Issells, Pembrokeshire, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on July 12 by Charles Henry Ranken Vickerman, the son, one of the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £33,605. The testator gives to his daughter Jane Katherine Rosalind



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Vickerman such a sum as with that she will receive from the settlement made on the marriage of her father and mother, will make up £10,000; an annuity to his coachman; £100 to his nephew Edmund Jermyn Harvey; and £1000, upon trust, for Mrs. Bella Thompson and her son. All his leasehold collieries and the residue of his property he leaves to his son Charles Henry Ranken Vickerman.

The will (dated April 10, 1872) of Mr. James Andrew, M.D., of 22, Harley Street, who died on April 21, was proved on July 19 by Mrs. Isabella Andrew, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £10,436. The testator leaves all the property he may die possessed of to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

possessed of to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will of Mr. John Moore, of Harehills Avenue,
Leeds, who died on May 4, was proved on July 14 by
James Moore, the son, and Matthew Parker, two of the
executors, the value of the personal estate being £3573.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Elizabeth Nash, of 14,
Montagu Square, widow, who died on June 3, were proved
on July 8 by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Edward Wellington
Garnham, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate
being £3207.

Deing 25201.

The will of the Right Hon. Norah Blanche, Dowager Lady Aberdare, of Pen Pole, Shirehampton, near Bristol, who died on April 27, has been proved by the Hon. William Napier Bruce, the son, and Henry Arthur Whately, the executors, the value of the personal estate

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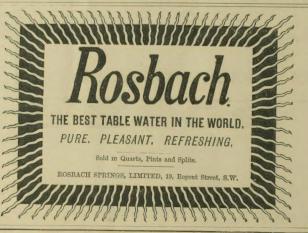
BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The other day there occurred at one of the Paris police courts a very amusing scene, which has forcibly reminded me of my own attempts, in years gone by, at detecting the various frauds practised by the restaurateurs of the French capital upon their customers. A grocer named Geron, living in one of the streets leading from the Boulevard St. Michel, caught a fellow trying to force his dressing-case. M. Geron's evidence was to the effect that it was about midnight, and that instead of raising an alarm he simply pointed a pistol that lay near his bed at the intruder, and asked him what he was doing. My experience of Paris grocers in general does not picture them as possessed of similar sangfroid, but M. Geron may be an exception. His subsequent behaviour, in fact, leads me to conclude that he must be. Having discovered that the burglar, when he had done a-burgling, did not trample on his mother, but served as a waiter, M. Geron did not collar and hand him to the police, but promised to let him go, provided he would reveal a few of the secrets of his employer's trade. François Martel acquiesced in the arrangement; but having failed to answer some of M. Geron's questions to the latter's satisfaction, he was apprehended, nevertheless.

I frankly own that, although my curiosity with regard to culinary devices was and still is as ardent as that of the

Paris grocer, I should not have tried to satisfy my desire for knowledge at the hour of midnight in my own bed-room, and with an unbidden stranger in too close proximity to my poor valuables. My method was much slower, and consequently much more satisfactory. I did not rush things, but pursued my inquiries as accident dictated, and with little or no premeditation. The result is that I know pretty well every trick on the board, and am exceedingly caroful in ordering my dinner or luncheon, especially at a second- or third-rate restaurant, for I have not always been able to go to a first-rate one, albeit that there is no guarantee against fraud even in the best. My experience may be useful, especially at present, when many readers are preparing to take wing for the Continent, and may be induced to stay a few days in Paris en route for somewhere else.

There are many French dishes which, although not acceptable to the majority of Englishmen as a rule, are partaken of as an exception when abroad, on the principle of doing in Rome as the Romans do. One of those dishes is "escargots de Bourgogne," in plain English, Burgundy snails in their shells. My advice is that, unless one is absolutely sure of the restaurant in which one happens to dine, Burgundy snails should be avoided. At Durand's, at Paillard's or Voisin's, at Margury's or Maire's, one may order them without the slightest hesitation, and consume them without the faintest afterthought. There are, perhaps, another half-dozen establishments, about two or



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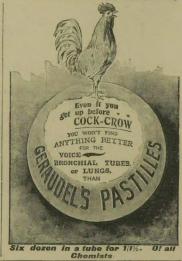
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G. Mellin, Esq.

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Yours faithfully,

(Signed) F. SHERWOOD.

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THOMAS OEDZZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London, W. three across the Seine and an equal number about the Palais Royal, which are above suspicion; in the others the supposed snail tiself is made of veal, and the shell is second-hand. It is picked up by the rag-pickers in front of the great traiteurs, and sold to individuals who make the imitation of the edible slug a speciality. What is worse, the shell is never cleaned; the residue of the butter, parsley, and other herbs that adheres to it being supposed to add flavour to the new concoction.

The Englishman, even if he makes an excursion to Bougival, Asnières, Enghien, or any other pleasure-resort of the Parisians on Sundays, is not likely to order a "jugged rabbit" at this time of the year, but my hint may serve him later on. Let him on no account order "gibelotte de lapin" anywhere except in a first-class establishment in Paris. Outside the walls his bunny is sure to be grimalkin. Not that rabbits are dear, but cats are cheaper, and the inborn greed of the French tradesman, or, for the matter of that, of Frenchmen in general, should never be lost sight of. Personally, I have no

objection to cat, provided it be properly cleansed and prepared. I have eaten it en connaissance de cause, or, to speak plainly, with my eyes open, after I had eaten it unwittingly, and would eat it again without feeling the worse. But I am aware of the prejudice against it in most people's minds, which prejudice, after all, is not stronger than that of the Germans against rabbits. I repeat, let him—the Englishman—not be induced to order it under the impression that I am exaggerating, for that he is likely to conceive such an impression I am quite prepared to admit. How can he do otherwise than accuse me of want of veracity when he sees the supposed bunny smoking on his neighbour's table, and the head, though severed from the body, gently reposing by its side? He does not know the story of that head. It has been procured by the peripafetic buyer of rabbit-skins, who never fails to ask for it when he makes a purchase. My ignorance was complete on the subject up to fourteen or fifteen years ago, when, having been present accidentally at such a transaction between my concierge and the buyer, I asked for more ample information of the former. "Pourquoi vent-il objection to cat, provided it be properly cleansed and prepared. I have eaten it en connaissance de cause, or, to

la tête du lapin, Monsieur?" said the good old dame in answer to my question. "Mais pour la vendre aux answer to my question. gargotiers de la barrière."

To my great regret, I have to be brief. Do not order ortolans, for, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, sparrows will be dished up instead—sparrows which, having had an incision made into their flesh, are inflated with hot grease from a straw, like that we use for sherry-cobbler, by an individual exceedingly skilled in the process. Avoid bisque soup; it is manufactured with the aid of a powder that can be obtained at every chemist's in Paris. The crayfish, you see floating in it, or part of the crayfish, has been dried, and does duty ever so many times. Your roast meat is as likely as not to have been baked in the oven, and painted afterwards to simulate the marks of the grill or the effects of the roasting-jack. The powder, supposed to be the effects of the coal-fire, and which makes it taste crisp in the outer skin, is carbonised meat. Enough! I am sorry I have said as much; for I do not wish to spoil the appetite of my readers beforehand.

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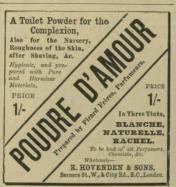
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